

THE
MAN of TASTE.
A 1607/63.
COMEDY.

As it is acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN
DRURY-LANE.

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

Decipimur Specie RECTI. — *Hor. de Arte Poet.*



D U B L I N :

Printed by and for JAMES HOBY, at the *Mercury* in
Skinner-Row, near the *Tobacco*. M,DCC,XXXV.



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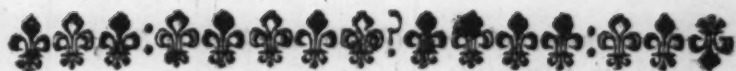
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PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. CIBBER:

W *IT springs so slow in our bleak Northern Soil,
It scarce, at best rewards the Planter's Toil.
But now, when all the Sun-shine, and the Rain,
Are turn'd to cultivate a Foreign Grain;
When, what should cherish, preys upon the Tree,
What gen'rous Fruit can you expect to see?*

*Our Bard, to strike the Humour of the Times,
Imports these Scenes from kindlier Southern Climes;
Secure his Pains will with Applause be crown'd,
If you're as fond of Foreign Sense as — Sound:
And since their Follies have been bought so dear,
We hope their Wit a mod'rate Price may bear.*

*Terence, Great Master! who, with wond'rous Art,
Explor'd the deepest Secrets of the Heart;
That best old Judge of Manners and of Men,
First grac'd this Tale with his immortal Pen.*

*Moliere, the Classick of the Gallick Stage
First dar'd to modernize the sacred Page;
Skilful, the one Thing wanting to supply,
HUMOUR, that Soul of Comic Poesy.*



*The Roman Fools were drawn so high, — the Pit
Might take 'em now for modern Men of Wit.
But Moliere painted with a bolder Hand,
And mark'd his Oafs with the Fool's Cap and Band:
To ev'ry Vice he tagg'd the just Reproach,
Shew'd Worth on Foot, and Rascals in a Coach.*

Leaning

PROLOGUE.

*Leaning on these great Guides, our Bard to Day,
Trembling attempts to tread the slipp'ry Way;
To their rich Group he adds some Figures more,
Some Fools of British Growth — unshearn before :
Besides he freely owns the bold Pretence
To club his Mite of Native Sterling Sense,
Which — tho' 'tis English — hopes won't give Offence.
Boldly the Comic Scourge he takes in Hand,
To lash the reigning Follies of the Land :
Blushing to see Britannia's Sons become
Dupes to each Vagabond from France and Rome.
To see the Great their prime Distinctions place
In Things so low, contemptible and base,
As their politer Footmen would disgrace.*

*For This he sends your kind Support to ask, [To the Pit,
Else he must sink beneath th' invidious Task.
Point out his Failings freely — but then spare
Those Parts which you may think some Merit share :
Don't, for one gangreen'd Limb, the whole destroy —
Shew Us which 'tis — We'll lop it off with Joy.*

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE.

IN writing Epilogues, the Hardship's this,
We can't foresee how you'll receive the Piece,
If with Applause, — which very rare is found,
How odd a Satire on your Taste will sound !
If damn'd, — to come with a forc'd sneaking Face,
And cur'f'ying, cry, we thank you for your Grace !
Or, what's much worse, the modish Way to chuse,
And meanly make a Pander of the Muse.
These Arts our Author scorns — and dares to Day
Point out, not marr, the Morals of his Play.

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EPILOGUE

*First, then, Good Wives must like it, for the Plot
Strikes every churlish jealous-pated Sot :
Whence they may learn to keep a Woman under,
There's something else requir'd than Storm and Thunder.
That, Miser-like, by locking up his Pelf,
Each Bubble steals his Treasure from himself.*

*Good Husbands too must like it, for 'tis writ
In favour of each honest, hen-peck'd Git,
Whose Wife is either Termagant or Wit ;
To lash the Dame, who, fondly vain of Rule,
By too much Wisdom proves her self a — Fool.
Whose Learning never lets her Nonsense cease,
Nor Temper lets her Husband be at Peace ;
Who's so well bred, she's still above being — civil,
So very vertuous she's a mere — She-Devil.
He cautions, next, the gay, unwedded Fair,
To let no trifling Fop engage their Care ;
Those empty flutt'ring Geewags of Grimace,
Made up of Folly, Impudence and — Lace ;
Who marry but for Wealth to range the more,
And wed one Woman — why ? to keep a Score.
Whose only Thought and Labour's to excell
In Things our Friends above can act as well.*

[To the Footmen.

*As well, I beg your Pardon, Gentry — for 'tis true,
They're but bad Copies of what's bad in you.*

*Some say, who think our Bard has been too bold,
That Truth is not at all Times to be told.
Perhaps so — But he hopes that Truths, like these,
Will none offend, whom he desires to please :
He therefore begs, Whoever knows a Fool,
Or Brute, or Fop, She-Tyrant, or He-Mule.
They'll, in pure Pity, bring 'em here to School.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Sir Positive Bubble, a churlish, opinionative, obstinate, old Batchelor, who will not be impos'd on by any Body but himself, Guardian to Dorinda.</i>	Mr. Griffin.
<i>Freelove, his Brother, a Gentleman of good Sense, good Temper, and good Manners, Guardian to Angelica.</i>	Mr. Mills.
<i>Valentine, a young Gentleman of Fortune, in love with Dorinda.</i>	Mr. Milward.
<i>Sir Humphrey Henpeck, Father to Maria, and Uncle to Dorothea.</i>	Mr. Harper.
<i>Harcourt, Brother to Dorinda and Angelica, repuls'd by Maria.</i>	Mr. Mills, Jun.
<i>Horatio, repuls'd by Dorothea.</i>	Mr. Este.
<i>Martin, Servant to Harcourt, who afterwards assumes the Name of Lord Apemode, by order of his Master.</i>	Mr. Cibber.
<i>Reynard, Servant to Horatio, who assumes the Name of Colonel Cockade.</i>	Mr. Miller.
<i>Lewis, Servant to Valentine.</i>	Mr. Cross.
<i>Almanzor Servant to Maria.</i>	Master Arne.
<i>Justice Diligence.</i>	Mr. Turbut.

W O M E N.

<i>Lady Henpeck, Wife to Sir Humphrey Henpeck, a great Pretender to Philosophy and Reading, but notwithstanding a mere Termagant.</i>	Mrs. Cross.
<i>Maria her Daughter,</i>	Both setting up for People of Taste and Politeness.
<i>Dorothea, her Nice,</i>	Mrs. Elive.
<i>Dorinda, Sisters and Wards to Sir</i>	Mrs. Pritchard.
<i>Angelica, Positive and Freelove.</i>	Mrs. Thurmond.
<i>Lisetta, Maid to Maria.</i>	Mrs. Holiday.
	Mrs. Mann.

SCENE LONDON.

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THE
MAN *of* TASTE;
OR, THE
GUARDIANS

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *a Hall in Sir Humphry
Henpeck's House.*

[Harcourt and Horatio following one another.]

HARCOURT. (*pulling on his Gloves.*)



ELL, *Horatio!* what d'ye think
of our Reception here? Are you
much satisy'd with it?

Hor. Um. ——— Are you *Harcourt?*

Har. I think neither of us have
very abundant Reason to be so.
Never sure did a couple of Gipsies
behave themselves so insolently,
nor two poor Fellows ever meet with such scurvy Treat-
ment.

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ment. They could not so much as prevail on themselves to afford us Chairs; but made us stand in the Middle of the Room, while they walk'd round and examin'd us from Head to Foot; as if we had been brought there, like *Indian Kings*, for a Show.

Hor. Then such whispering as was between 'em; such yawning! rubbing their Eyes! and asking every Moment what o'Clock 'twas!

Har. And all we could say to 'em produc'd no Answer but Ay or No, and that with the Head turn'd o'one side, as if they were talking to Figures in the Tapestry Hangings. S'death there's ne'er a fine Lady in Town could have us'd her Husband with more Sauciness and Contempt.

Hor. You seem to lay it much to Heart, *Harcourt*.

Har. I do so; for I must confess my Heart was a little interested in the Affair. *Maria's* personal Charms had made stronger Impressions on me, than *Dorothea's* seem to have made on you, *Horatio*.

Hor. Had they been never so strong, her extravagant Behaviour would have soon made me easy in that Point.

Har. 'Tis the same with me. However I shan't be satisfy'd 'till I have some Revenge on 'em. I know well enough what was the Cause of our Repulse; we are not Men of high Rank and Fashion enough for them. They are come gallop'd away from *Thames Street* to *St. James's*, to set up for Patterns of Taste and Politeness, forsooth.

Hor. And so nothing beneath a Ribband or Staff will go down with 'em.

Har. It was pleasant enough to hear 'em tell one another what Visits they ow'd: My Lady such a-one, and the Dutchess of such a Place; when the arrogant Sluts, till within these Six Weeks, never knew what a House was without a Counter in't.

Hor. So that now they are amphibious, between Court Prudes, and City Coquets. I'm surprized how the Old Fellow *Sir Humphry Henpeck* can bear 'em both in his House together.

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Har. Oh, he has had a swinging Surfeit of 'em, you may swear; which made him so forward to Compliment us with 'em. His Wife's enough for him to deal with at one time. However, *Horatio*, if you'll take my Advice, I have started a Thought how to be even with their High and Mighty Ladyships.

Hor. Which way, prithee?

Har. You know my Fellow *Martin*.

Hor. And what then?

Har. He's a crafty, brisk, insinuating Rascal, and passes amongst Many for a sort of Wit; for nothing now-a-days is cheaper than Wit.

Hor. Yes, I know the Rogue, he affects even Affectation it self; and was such a perfect Counterpart both in Dress and Manners of his last Master, Lord *Apemod* that you could scarce know the Peer from his Valet.

Har. The Coxcomb is so impudent too; that he often takes it into his Head to pass for a Man of Quality. He pretends to Gallantry and Poetry, and has such a Contempt for others of his own Condition, that he calls 'em all 'meer Brutes.

Hor. Ha, ha ha! A compleat Second-Hand Man of Taste——But what's the Use you intend to make of all these excellent Qualities?

Har. What Use? Why he shall——but hold we are interrupted; I'll tell you by and by.

Enter Valentine, as not seeing them.

Hor. So ho! *Valentine*, what can't you see your Friends this Morning? Why thou art as pensive——

Val. S'death it makes me half Mad!

Har. Nay, quite, I'll be sworn; but prithee what is it?

Val. What is it, *Harcourt*! why to see her I love; to see thy charming Sister, *Dorinda*, under the Power of such a Savage Guardian. That old watchful Dragon, Sir *Positive Bubble*, makes such a severe Use of the Power your Father's Will has given him over her, that he does not suffer her to breath even fresh Air, or enjoy common Liberty.

Har. That you ought to build your greatest Hopes on. Know for your Encouragement, my Friend, that a Wo-

man lock'd up is half won ; and that the Severity of Fathers, Guardians and Husbands, has always advanc'd the Business of the Gallant. Your experienc'd Sportsmen will tell you that they are always best pleas'd to meet with those churlish Brutes, who without Thought or Reason condemn the Conduct of their Wives in every thing, and haughtily standing on the Name of Husband, quarrel with 'em for nothing, even in the presence of their Gallant.

Hor. Ay, ay, they know how to take Advantage of that. The Resentment of the Fair for such Usage on one hand, and the complaisant Compassion of the Lover on the other, give occasion for a very good Correspondence between 'em.

Har. Right and therefore the Tyranny of my Sister's Guardian, ought to serve you as a Pledge of obtaining your Wishes.

Val. Ay, *Harcourt*, but for the Six Months that I have been passionately in love, I could never procure even a Moment's Conversation with her.

Har. Why, Love whets the Invention, they say ; but yours does not seem to have been much the sharper for it hitherto, *Valentine*.

Val. What could I have done ? The Brute is always with her you know, and preserves her as a delicious Morsel for himself. He suffers her to hold no Inter-course with any Mortal, but thro' his own Hands.

Har. Nay, faith, that's true enough : I my self, tho' her Brother, have been prohibited the Sight of her above this Twelve-month, for fear I should instill, as he told me, evil Principles into her, and make her as wild and wicked as my self——But has she been no way acquainted then with your Inclinations yet ?

Val. That I'm not sure of. Where-ever her Jailor carry'd her, she has always seen me, following her like her Shadow ; and my Looks have every Day endeavour'd to express to her the Violence of my Passion. My Eyes, *Horatio*, have spoke a great deal ; but how shall I know if she understood their Language ?

Hor. 'Tis true, that Language may be something obscure, without either the Tongue or the Pen to interpret it.

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The GUARDIANS. II

Val. What's to be done? What Course must I take?

Har. That must be consider'd of. *Horatio* and myself have at present a little Business of our own on hand; after that's adjusted we'll help our Friends.

Enter Sir Humphry Henpeck.

Sir Hum. Well, Gentlemen, you have seen my Neice and Daughter. Do Matters go well, say you? All things jog on as they should, I hope.

Har. That, Sir, you may learn better of them than of us: All we can say is, that we thank you for the Favour you design'd us, and remain your very humble Servants.

Hor. Your very humble Servants ——— come, *Valentine*, you shall go with us in my Coach to the Park.

[Exeunt.]

Sir Hum. Hoity toity, what's the Meaning of this now? they seem to be plaguily out of Humour; these pert Baggages have certainly affronted 'em some Way or other. I'll know the Cause on't, and that quickly too. So ho! within there.

Enter Lisetta.

Lis. What do you want, Sir?

Sir Hum. What do I want, Madam! Where are your Mistresses?

Lis. In their Dressing-Room, Sir.

Sir Hum. What are they doing there?

Lis. Making Washes and Lip-salve, Sir.

Sir Hum. Go bid them come down to me. Making Washes and Lip-salve, forsooth: These Hussies with their Salves, have a Mind to ruin me, I think. There's nothing in the whole House but Whites of Eggs, Puppy-dog Water, and a Thousand other Slops that I can't name. Since we have liv'd at this End of the Town, they have us'd the Fat of a Dozen Hogs at least, and four Servants might live every Day on the Legs of Mutton they waste.

Enter Maria and Dorothea.

Sir Hum. Hark'e me, Mistress, what is it that you and your dainty Cousin there have done, to make these Gentlemen go away so dissatisfied? Did not I command you to receive 'em as Persons that I design'd for your Husbands?

Maria

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Maria. Dear Father, don't talk to us of Husbands, it makes one think of a Jail and Fetters.

Doro. Besides, Sir, could a Woman of the least Taste in the Universe, take up with such unpolish'd Animals as these are?

Sir Hum. And why not, pray, Neice?

Doro. Pretty Gallantry, indeed! to begin with Matrimony at once.

Sir Hum. And what the Duce would you have 'em begin with ——— Whoredom, hey? Is not such an Alliance what we have all Reason to catch at? and therefore the sooner it is done, the better.

Maria. Dear, Sir! what you say is perfectly Cit-like. I am asham'd to hear you talk thus: Now you are come to live at the polite Part of the World, you ought to learn a better Air in Things.

Sir Hum. I care neither for Air or Song. I tell you Marriage is an honourable Thing; and to begin with that is the Part of honest People.

Maria. My Cousin, Sir, will tell you as well as I, that for a Gallant to mention any such thing, is contrary to the very Essence of all Politeness. No, they should have run thro' the whole Course of Gallantry, follow'd us to *Bath*, *Scarborough* and *New-Market*; each of which Places should have resounded with Songs and Panegyricks on us, and Lampoons on every one else. Then in Town they should attend us thro' all its Diversions; carry us to the Rehearsal of every new Opera, and the Reading of every new Play, dance with us every *Ridotto*, and squeak with us every *Masquerade*. And after all, not a Word of Matrimony should be heard of.

Sir Hum. How! What's all this!

Doro. Indeed, Uncle, my Cousin has hit it right. These are Things which can't be dispens'd with. But to come point blank to the conjugal Knot! To make Love only with the Marriage Contract, and take an Intrigue just by the Tail! once more, Sir, nothing can be more Tradesman-like.

Sir Hum. What the Duce of Rhodomontade is here.

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Maria. Besides Sir, their very Dress and Deportment were shocking. To make a Love-Visit with a plain Leg, a Hat without a Diamond Button, and a Coat without Lace! Fine Gallants indeed! Then such a Frugality of Conversation, and Barrenness of Wit;—in short, they are mere Barbarians both within and without.

Sir Hum. They are gone mad sure! 'Look'ye *Mary*, and you *Dorothy*, as for the Gentlemen we're talking of, I know their Families and Estates, and you shall absolutely marry them. For I'm downright weary of having you upon my Hands.

Maria. For my part, Sir, all I can say to you, is, that I think Marriage an extream shocking thing. How can one bear the very Thought of lying by the Side of a naked Man?

Sir Hum. Ah Baggage, Baggage! bear the Thought!

Doro. For Heav'n's sake Sir, suffer us to breathe a little amongst the *Beau Monde*. We are but just got here; but on the Border only of Taste and Politeness yet, and don't knock it all on the Head at once.

Sir Hum. They are quite spoil'd, I see.

Doro. This I am positively resolv'd on, that if ever I do marry, I'll marry for something; and nothing less than a Coronet on the Door shall ever tempt me to ride in a Husband's Coach.

Maria. Nay that I'm fix'd on too——nothing but the Rays of a Brilliant Star hath powerful Attraction enough to seduce me to that——If ever I marry, a Man of Quality must be my Husband.

Sir. Hum. Why Hussy, 'tis Impossible——a Man of Quality can be never your Husband.

Doro. No, Sir! I think Twenty thousand Pound no contemptible Fortune.

Sir Hum. Right, Neice. You'll find Men of Quality enough that will marry your Twenty thousand Pound: But they'll be no more Husbands to you than if you were to marry an Opera Songster. They'll treat you as they do the Marriage Contract——just set their Seal for once, and then fling you aside never to look on you again.

Doro.

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Doro. Well, Uncle, and what would you have 'em do?

Sir Hum. Have 'em do!

Doro. Ay——would you have 'em perpetually at one's Elbow, as if we were really yoked together.

Mar. No, leave that to insipid Vulgar; People of Taste and Sensibility have a higher Relish for Life. Separate Tables, separate Apartments, separate Coaches and separate Pleasures!——Those are the peculiar Privileges of Quality.

Sir Hum. Oh, are they so! why then 'tis a pity, methinks, but the *Form of Wedlock* was alter'd; and to be more polite, should run thus——Whom *Matrimony* hath put asunder, let no Man dare to *Join together*.

Doro. Upon Honour, a good Thought, my Dear, ha, ha, ha!

Maria. Excellent, my Dear, ha, ha, ha!

Doro. Thy Father never said any thing so witty before, my Dear. Why you brighten apace, Uncle! This End of the Town begins to work upon you. Ah, my Dear, the very Air of *St. James's* insensibly instills Politeness into People.

Maria. True, my Dear, and I don't wonder my Mother was so eager to get my Father here: All Wives shou'd bring their Husbands hither, that they may learn what sort of a Creature a Husband ought to be,

Sir Hum. O! the best Place in the World for that. Here are a Pack of rare Husbands, and fitted with rare Wives too. One heaps up Wealth, of which his Wife bestows good Part on those that take care to branch his Brows for it. Another, tho' more happy, yet not less infamous, sees his Wife receive Presents every Day without a Grain of Jealousy, because she tells him, 'tis for her Virtue. One fine Lady craftily gives a false Relation to her Husband of what passes between herself and Gallant, and the poor Cully transported with her extrem Fidelity, sleeps quietly and pities the Lover. Whilst another to justify her Pride and Extravagance, pretends to win at Play the Sums she squanders; and the *Zani* of a Husband, without considering at what Game, thanks Heaven for the Money she gets.

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Doro. But Uncle, he that laughs at others, ought to take care that no body in return laugh at him.

Sir Hum. I don't doubt but they do, Neice; for I am as great a *Cornuto* as any of 'em all.

Doro. No, Uncle, you are not so much in the Fashion as that comes too. My Lady is intirely given up to Reading and Philosophy.

Sir Hum. Right, Neice——so that I am made a Cuckold of every Day by *Plutarch* and *Seneca*. She's wedded more to Philosophy and Poetry, than to me; and I am no more regarded by her than a wooden Follio that serves to fill up the Corner of a Shelf.

Maria. You may thank Heaven, Sir, that you have a Lady of such excellent Talents.

Sir Hum. Yes, but I pay plaguy dear for her Talents. In the first Place, I must leave off my Business, which brought me in at least a Thousand a Year, because getting Money was low and servile. Then I must quit my own House, and pay the Duce and all here, because this it seems, is the Region of Wit and Politeness. And what is worse than all, must throw away, at least, 500 Guineas to get my self Knighted, that her Ladyship might be in a Rank above the Vulgar, forsooth. The Family of the *Henpecks* had great Occasion to be thus dignify'd and distinguish'd, indeed.

Doro. Ay, Sir——but then on the other side, you must set down that valuable Fund of Learning, Taste, and critical Knowledge which my Aunt is Mistress of; and that will more than balance the Account.

Sir Hum. Her Taste and critical Knowledge, as you call it, makes her only searching continually for something to find fault with. And nothing that I can do or say, but wants either Dignity or Delicacy, belike. Thus, under pretence of her superior Understanding, she governs the whole Family, engrosses the whole Talk, and claims the whole Notice of all that come to my House; whilst I, under the Name of my Lady's Husband, am like a black-letter'd Saint whom no body calls upon——S'death, what Business had I with a witty Wife, or what the Plague should Women be suffer'd to read for? When 'tis

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'tis enough for 'em if they can but say their Prayers, love their Husbands, and darn their own Linnen.

Doro. Lard ! my Dear, how deep is thy Father sunk in the Grossness of Matter !

Maria. What shall I say, my Dear. I'm quite asham'd for him.

Sir Hum. S'Bud, was there ever such insolent Gipsies ? why, you Brace of pert Pullets, get out of my sight this very Moment, and either resolve to take the Gentlemen that I have fix'd on, or, or——why a whu ! and a Murrain, and a Marry come up !

[*Exit. Sir Hum.*

Doro. Say their Prayers ! love their Husbands ! and darn their own Linnen ! very elegant Occupations truly ha, ha, ha !

Maria. Oh Lamentable ! ha, ha, ha !

Both. Ha, ha, ha !

[*Exeunt Laughing.*

SCENE *changes to a Hall in Sir Positive Bubble's House.*

Enter Sir Positive Bubble, and Freelove his Brother.

Sir Pos. Good now, Brother, don't talk so much, but let each of us live as he has a Mind to't. Tell me of this and that and t'other ! I'll be directed by no Body, I say. My Fancy shall be my Counsellor, and I am very well satisfy'd with my own Way of living.

Free. But every one condemns it, Brother.

Sir Pos. Ay, such Fools as you, perhaps, Brother.

Free. I thank you heartily. A handsome Compliment !

Sir Pos. And I'd fain know, methinks, what these wise critical Every-ones can see in me so worthy of Reprehension.

Free. I'll tell you, *Sir Positive.* In the first Place, your obstinate unfociable Temper, which makes you avoid all the Pleasures of Conversation, gives a whimsi-

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cal Air to every thing you do, and makes you seem barbarous even in your very Dress.

Sir *Pos.* Oh! you'd have me an As of Fashion, and not dress my self for my self; would you, Mr. Younger Brother? You'd have me, I say, follow the Way of your young Fops: Wear their little Hats which let their weak Brains evaporate; those crop Wigs that expose their Ears, and let the World know what Species they are of; those curtail'd Waistcoats, the Flaps of which reach no lower than their Hips; and those fine Stockings, with such monstrous Clocks that make 'em look like rough-footed Pigeons. I should delight you, without doubt, if I equipp'd my self in this Manner. You'd have me as foolish as any Jackanapes of 'em all.

Free. One should always comply, Brother, in some Measure with the Majority, and never make one's self be star'd at. Both Extrems are offensive, and every wise Man should dress, as he would speak, without Affectation. I would not imitate those who are at the Top of the Mode, and always straining even beyond the Fashion; but then, on the other Hand, I think it wrong to avoid obstinately every thing that other People follow. 'Tis better being silly with the rest of the World, than wise in Opposition to every one else.

Sir *Pos.* O, is it so, most complaisant Sir.

Free. Yes, for in following the Mode, you only wear other People's Follies, which is better than wearing your own by too much Particularity. Believe me, Brother, a Man should be singular in nothing—but *Wisdom and Humanity.*

Sir *Pos.* This is like an old Fellow now, who to hide his grey Hairs, wears a black Wig.

Free. I see no Reason, Brother, why any one should cast off Decency and Chearfulness. Has not old Age Inconveniencies enough, without being both crabbed and slovenly?

Sir *Pos.* Slovenly! ha? why slovenly. But be that as it will, Sir, I'm resolv'd not to alter my Dress in the least. I'll wear a broad-brim'd Hat in spite of the Fashion, that my Head may have a convenient Shel-

ter. A good large Waistcoat, thick and strong, and well-button'd, to keep my Stomach warm for Digestion: And Shoes wherein my Feet may have Room enough, that I may be able to walk without a great Stick like a Hedge-stake, or making wry Faces. Thus our Forefathers wisely did, and thus will I do ——— and those that don't like me, may look upon something else.

Free. But, Brother, however well you may think this Severity becomes one of your Age, you ought certainly to give Youth a little more Liberty——you understand me, Brother —— your rigid Treatment of your Ward *Dorinda* ——

Sir Pos. Lack, lack, I wish you'd mind your own Business, Brother.

Free. I beg your Pardon, Brother, but Youth must —

Sir Pos. I beg your Pardon too, Sir, and must tell you, that her Actions depend on me, and I best know what Interest I have in 'em.

Free. Have I less in those of her Sister? They are without Parents, and our Friend their Father, upon his Death-Bed left to us the Care of them; obliging both of us either to marry them our selves, or at a proper Age to dispose of 'em to others. From their very Infancy we have had full Power over them; both as Father and Husband; you chose to educate *Dorinda*, and I took upon me the Charge of *Angelica*.

Sir Pos. Right, Sir, and therefore do you please to manage yours as you have a Mind to't, and I hope you'll give me Leave to do the same by mine.

Free. Well, Brother, I can't help thinking ——

Sir Pos. Nor I can't help thinking, Brother, and must declare it to you, that what I say is right. You let yours go fine and extravagant——with all my Heart, let her have her Chairmen and Footmen, and *Abigail*s without Number——I consent to't. Let her ramble about, love Idleness, and be flatter'd by Fops till Doomday——I am very well satisfy'd with it. But I'll have mine live according to my Fancy, nor her own. Her Dress shall be of good decent Stuffs, and she shall wear Silk only on Holidays. Shall stay at home as a wise Woman ought, and make Housewifery
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her whole Application. When she has any Time to spare, I'll have her quilt my Night Caps, and clear-starch my Bands for Diversion. She must shut her Ears to the Flattery of young Fellows, and never go abroad without some Body to watch her.

Free. Distrustful Cares, Bolts and Grates don't make People virtuous. 'Tis native Honour that must keep 'em within Bounds, not our Severity. 'Tis by gaining their Hearts alone that we can guide their Manners. They are much mistaken who think Government by Force alone to have more Authority than when 'tis founded upon Inclination. 'Tis a Husband's Part to use a Wife so as that her own Choice, rather than outward Constraint, should put her upon doing well. I should not think my Honour very safe in the Hands of one, who only wanted an Opportunity to effect her Desire.

Sir Pos. A Pize on Honour and Inclination ———
Stuff, Stuff, mere Stuff.

Free. Be it so, but these Maxims I have follow'd in my Care of *Angelica*. I have not made small Liberties Crimes, but have consented to her Inclination for Balls, Plays, and such other innocent Diversions. These are things, which for my Part I always thought proper to form the Minds of young People, and the World is a School which instructs better in the Art of Living, than all the Books or Lectures you can give 'em. Her Father's Will obliges her to marry me, but I won't for that Reason play the Tyrant over her. I very well know that our Years are not altogether suitable, and therefore leave her entirely to her own Choice. If a thousand Pounds a Year well paid, a tender Affection and complaisant Regard can prevail on her to overlook the Disparity of Age, she may take me for her Husband. If not, she may fix where Inclination invites her. I should be glad to see her better match'd, and had rather have her marry'd to another, than marry her my self against her Will.

Sir Pos. Oh, how sweet the Honyfuckle is ———all Sugar and Honey.

Free.

Free. This is my Humour, and thank Heaven that it is so — yours is different, but we shall see the End of it.

Sir Pos. See the End of it! ay, there's the Thing. When People are playing the Ass and Blockhead, if any one happens to act wiser than themselves, and won't agree with 'em in their ridiculous Conduct, then they immediately cry, *See the End of it*; when the Duce knows, their Folly has no End at all.

Free. Very well, Brother.

Sir Pos. Ay, and not very well, Brother, let me tell you: Your Management of Youth is pretty well seen in the Brother of these Girls; that hopeful Blade, *Harcourt*, was principally under your Tutorage, I think; and he has profited finely by it.

Free. Why, what has he done?

Sir Pos. Oh, Nothing at all! No, no, nothing at all! He only Drinks, Whores, breaks Windows, and murders Watchmen: Is ashamed of nothing, afraid of no Body, and looks on himself as a lawless Gentleman.

Free. Believe me, Brother, 'tis no such mighty Business for a young Fellow to wench and drink a little. If you and I were less extravagant, 'twas not for want of Will, but Money, and therefore we ought not to count that for Virtue, which was only owing to Necessity. 'tis better for him to play the Libertine a little now, than to do it at an Age when 'twill less become him.

Sir Pos. Very pretty! very pretty! with all my Heart——Let him squander all, Ruin all, himself and all, and play the Devil and all! I don't care, 'tis nothing to me——If ever I speak a Syllable more——

Free. Dear Brother, don't fly into a Passion.

Sir Pos. Not I, indeed, Sir; I am in no Passion at all, not in the least Passion——I never was in a Passion in my Life: But still it gives me when I think of his poor Father——but I have done. He gave me only the Charge of one, and her I'll take Care of: Heaven be praised, she proves after my own Heart. Your Profligate will feel the Smart on't at last; yes, he will he will at last.

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Free. Come, Brother, don't let us quarrel upon the
Affair, I'll say no more but this, That, think what you
please,

Such only for true Profelytes we own,
Who are by mild and generous Treatment won : }
Those gain'd by Fear are Hypocrites alone.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Street before Sir Positive
Bubble's House.*

Dorinda and Angelica.

Dorin. **A**ND so the great Question between us.
Sister, is, Whether a Lover ought to be
jealous or not ?

Ang. Or to explain your Thoughts and mine better,
Sister, Which ought to please best ; a Lover that is jea-
lous or one that is not so ?

Dorin. True, *Angelica* ; and for my part I should
think the latter.

Ang. I can't say so, *Dorinda* : I am for the former.

Dorin. I think we ought to give most Approbation to
those who shew most Respect.

Ang. And I think, that if we must discover our In-
clinations at all, it should be in favour of those who
shew most Love to us.

Dorin. Yes, Sister, but a Passion makes a more agree-
able Appearance in Respect and Tenderness than Jea-
lousy.

Ang. Well, 'tis my Opinion, that every Lover is by so
much the more amorous, as he shews himself jealous.

Dorin.

Free.

Dorin. Oh fy, Sister, don't call those Men Lovers whose Passion is like Hatred, who require a strict Account from us of all our Actions, and suspect every Thought or Word of Deceit: Who if we seem a little grave, presently complain that their Presence is the Cause of it; or if Joy appear in our Eyes, will immediately have it that their Rivals are the Foundation of it; and then assuming a Privilege from the Fury of their Zeal, take upon 'em to forbid us all Company but their own, and so tyrannize over their very Conquerors. Well! I say, 'tis the Greatness of their Submission that best shews the Greatness of our Power.

Ang. Nor don't you call these Men Lovers, Sister, who shew no Extravagance for the Fair they Address: Those lukewarm Sparks, whose peaceable Hearts think all secure on their Side, and thro' saucy Confidence let their Love fall asleep. I hate such calm, insipid doings: No, give me a Lover that shou'd prove his Flame to me; and by repeated Distraction give a sure token of the Ardency of his Passion. Then one's pleas'd too with the poor Creature's Sufferings; and tho' he sometimes breaks out into a little Roughness, the Joy of seeing him the next Moment imploring Pardon for his Transport, his Fears, and his Despair for having displeased us, are such Charms, *Dorinda.*——

Dor. Well, Sister, to end the Dispute and satisfy us both, 'tis my Opinion, that the Jealous love most, and the others best.

Ang. Your Determination is just, my Dear.

Dor. Ah, my Dear, if you were to be a little while in the Hands that I am in, you'd be sick of Jealousy, I'll engage.

Ang. I pity you heartily, Child.

Dorin. 'Tis happy for you that his Brother is of so different a Temper; Fortune was your Friend in the Disposal, Sister.

Ang. I'll swear I would not suffer the Brute.

Dorin. Where's my Remedy, Child? you know the absolute Power he has over my Fortune; and without that, my Person, I doubt, might go a Begging.

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Ang. And so you intend to marry him then?

Dorin. Marry him! Oh, choke him! No, *Angelica*, there's nothing so desperate but I would attempt, rather than endure one Thought of that. The only thing that makes my Servitude supportable is the Hope of a Deliverance.

Ang. If you ever have a Deliverance, my Dear, I believe I can guess at the Knight-Errant that must accomplish it. *Valentine* would be glad to be your Champion.

Dorin. What's *Valentine* to me, Sister?

Ang. Why, he's your Life, Soul, and Heart's Delight, Sister.

Dorin. Who, *Valentine*!

Ang. Yes, *Valentine*.

Dorin. Psha!

Ang. 'Tis true tho'; and you are just the same to him.

Dorin. That's more than ever I heard him say.

Ang. Right, but you have heard him think so, Sister. Ah, Sister, 'Tis he that tender, respectful Lover, on whose Side you so warmly engag'd just now.

Dorin. [*Aside.*] O my Soul she's in the right on't.

Ang. Well, Child, I can't blame you, for if I was in your Condition, if he wou'd not run away with me, O my Conscience, I should carry him off.

Enter Sir Positive Bubble and Freelove.

Sir Pos. Heyday, Mistresses, here! why where may you be going, pray?

Ang. We don't know yet; I was desiring my Sister to take a turn in the *Park* with me; but——

Sir Pos. But! ay, I am a *But*, to that——Walk in the *Park*, indeed!——Nay, you Madam, for your part, may walk, or amble, or trot, or gallop, when and where, and how you please; and the more the better, isn't it, hey Brother?——But by your leave, Lady, I forbid you stirring abroad.

Free. Prithee, Brother, let 'em have their innocent Amusements.

Sir Pos. I beg your Pardon, Brother——Amusements! Abusements is the properer Name.

Free.

Ang.

24 *The MAN of TASTE; Or,*

Free. Why, do you think there's any harm in her being with her Sister?

Sir Pos. I don't know that——I say, I don't know that; but yet I think there's less in her being with me.

Free. Well, but Youth——

Sir Pos. Youth is always foolish; and Old Age sometimes. The Flesh is weak. I won't wear Horns if I can help it; and as she is oblig'd to marry me, I'm resolv'd to be as secure of her Person as my own.

Dorin. Secure, Sir? I don't understand——

Sir Pos. I know you don't understand——not your Duty, Mistress, if you offer in the least to oppose my Pleasure. Go abroad without us, indeed!

Ang. How, Sir——

Sir Pos. Good now, good now, no talking, Madam. I don't speak to you, for you are too wise——

Ang. Are you displeas'd to see my Sister with me, Sir?

Sir Pos. Yes, since I must tell you my Mind, 'tis you that spoil her——your Visits are not wanted here so often, and I should be much more oblig'd to you, if you'd stay away.

Ang. Then to tell you my Mind as freely, Sir, I don't know how she takes all this, but I know what it would make me do; and we are no Sisters in Temper, if she does not resent it.

Sir Pos. Very pretty, very pretty!

Ang. In short, these Watchings are scandalous Things. Our Honour is weak indeed, if it must be continually guarded——And do you think after all, that we won't have our Will notwithstanding? Ah! poor Soul, when any thing gets into our Heads, the cunningest of you all will prove but an Ass to us, Taking so much care to hinder us from transgressing, is only the way to make us desire it the more; and if I were distrustful by a Husband, I should be strangely inclin'd to make his Fears real.

Sir Pos. Oh lovely! oh lovely! this is the Fruit of your Education, good Mr. Tutor. You can bear all this, quite unconcern'd now.

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Free. Why, I think, Brother, there's some Reason in what she says. Young People love a little Liberty—

Sir Pos. But that Love of Liberty, wise Sir, if 'tis indulg'd in Youth, is not so easily rooted out afterwards. And your Complaisance won't have the Effect you desire, when she's oblig'd in changing her Condition, to change her Manner of Life too.

Free. And why change it?

Sir Pos. Why?

Free. Ay, why?

Sir Pos. Nay, I don't know.

Free. Is there any thing in it contrary either to Virtue or Prudence?

Sir Pos. What, if you marry her, will you give her the same Liberty she has now?

Free. Why not?

Sir Pos. Let her have her Rings and her Ribbands, and her Washes and Patches, and the rest of this Trumpery, hey?

Free. Certainly.

Sir Pos. Let her run, like a mad Woman, to Opera's, Plays, Assemblies, and the Duce knows where, hey?

Free. Yes.

Sir Pos. And suffer young Fellows to come to your own House too?

Free. Why not?

Sir Pos. To junket it, and prance it, and dance it, and card it; and, and, say fine Things to your Wife, hey?

Free. Ay.

Sir Pos. And you'll see these Doings without any Resentment, hey?

Free. Ay, sure, Brother.

Sir Pos. Go, you're a Fool, you're a Fool ———
[To Dorinda] Go you in, go you in, pray go in, that you mayn't hear these shameful Lessons.

Dorin. [Aside.] No, but I'll go in and contrive how to practise 'em, tho'. [Exit Dorinda.]

Free. Well, Brother, you may act as you please, but if it be my good Fortune to be made happy in *Angelica*, I

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shall

26 *The MAN of TASTE; Or,*

shall entirely confide in her Fidelity, and let her live with the same Liberty and Ease she does now.

Sir Pos. How glad shall I be to see him a Cuckold!

Free. If you fail to be one, Brother, it ought not to be imputed to your want of giving Provocation for it

Sir Pos. Very well! laugh on, Mr. Giggler—
How comical it is to see a Buffoon with Forty Years upon his Back!

Ang. I assure him, he shall have no Cause to suspect me, if it be my Fate to marry him; But I'd swear for nothing, if I were to marry you.

Sir Pos. Ah! ah! ah!

Ang. 'Twere a Crime to deceive those that trust in us, but People of your Temper deserve no better Usage—and in short, I should make no Scruple on't.

Sir Pos. Ah! plagny Tongue!

Free. You bring all this on your own Head, Brother. Come, *Angelica*, since my Brother has deprived you of your Sister's Company, if you'll accept of me for your Guard, I am at your Service.

Ang. With all my Heart——*Sir Positive*, farewell—change your Humour, and remember that locking up a Woman's Person, is only letting loose her Inclinations, ha, ha, ha!

Free. Ha, ha, ha! Brother, your Servant.

Sir Pos. I'm none of yours. Oh! how well they are match'd! a lovely Couple indeed. A foolish old Fellow, who plays the Fop in a Weather-beaten Carcase; and a young Baggage that's an impudent Coquet! No, if Wisdom her self were to attempt reforming such a Family, she would do no good in't. *Dorinda* by keeping such Company as this, may lose what Seeds of Honour I have sown in her; I must even send her into the Country to look after my Dairy and Poultry there, and then she'll be out of Harm's Way.

Enter Valentine and Lewis behind.

Val. There, *Lewis*, is that villainous *Argus*, that brutish Jailor of my dear *Dorinda*.

Sir Pos. [*Musing and talking to himself.*] What a strange Corruption of Manners there is in this Town——
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Val.

Val I'll try if I can't get acquainted with him. Perhaps that Way I may be able to do some Good.

Sir Pos. Ay——I must leave this horrid Town —— if I stay any longer, the Girl will be ruin'd.

Val. If I can but once introduce my self into his House. [*Goes round Sir Positive, and makes him a Bow.*]

Sir Pos. [*not regarding him*] In the Country, thank Heaven, there are no such Follies !

Val. He does n't see me, sure.

Lewis. Perhaps, he's blind of that Side, let us go round to the other.

Sir Pos. I thought I heard some Body speak —— There all the Diversions of young Lasses go no farther than ——

Lewis. Goe up nearer to him.

Sir Pos. There no Coxcomb comes—— [*Valentine makes a low Bow.*] What does he bow to me ? [*Lewis bows on the other Side.*] Again ! heyday, why what's the Meaning of these Ceremonies ? Who are you, pray ? and what d'ye want ?

Val. I'm afraid, I interrupt you, Sir.

Sir Pos. May be you do, Sir.

Val. But yet the Honour of your Acquaintance is so great a Happiness, so exquisite a Pleasure, that I was impatient to pay my Respects to your, Sir & ositive.

Sir Pos. Perhaps so.

Val. And I assure you, Sir without any Dissimulation, that I am entirely at your Service.

Sir Pos. That I may believe, or not, Sir, as I please.

Val. I have the good Fortune to be one of your Neighbours in the Country, Sir, for which I am extremely thankful to my happy Destiny.

Sir Pos. Um——— you do well.

Val. But Sir, is there any News yet from abroad, that may be depended upon for true ?

Sir Pos. Perhaps there is, Sir —— and very likely there is not, Sir. News indeed, what have I to do with News ? d'ye take me for a Runner in the Secretary's Office, or a Writer of weekly Libels ? why Sir, I would not give the paring of my Nails for a Horse-load of News.

Val.

Val. Very true, Sir, but a Man may be curious enough sometimes to enquire — 'Tis no Matter tho', for this Town affords us other Diversions enough — Pray, how d'ye spend your Time here, Sir *Positive?*

Sir Pos. About my Business, Sir — why, what a pize of an impertinent Fop am I pester'd with?

Val. Ay, Business! but you must sometimes relax, Sir *Positive.* A Man that's always busy,, never does any Business at all.

Sir Pos. And a Man that always talking never talks to any Purpose, and that's one wise saying for another.

Val. But how do you pass your Evenings generally?

Sir Pos. As I please, Sir.

Val. You could not have said better, Sir. The highest good Sense appears in never doing any thing but what one please. If I did not think you were too much engag'd, I should be engag'd, I should be glad to wait upon you in an Evening sometimes, and —

Sir Pos. Sir! — your Servant. [*Aside.*] wait on me, in an Evening indeed! a very pretty Proposal, truly! No, no, no; beware of that, beware of that.

[*Exit hastily.*]

Val. Soh! what d'ye think of this whimsical Bear?

Lewis. Why, that he is half Brute, and t'other half something ten times worse.

Val. 'Sdeath, how shall I come at this dear Girl, or which Way to acquaint her with my Inclinations? Hark'e Rascal; follow me directly, and invent some Means or other to deliver me from this Perplexity, or thy Bones shall suffer for the Deficiency of thy Brains.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE a Room in Sir Humphry Hen-peck's House.

Enter Maria, Dorothea, and Lisetta.

Maria. Well 'tis charming walking in the Park this Morning! I adore this End of the Town, my Dear.

Doro.

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The GUARDIANS. 29

Doro. 'Tis Paradise it self, my Dear. Here one can trip out in what Dress one please, or at what Hour one please, and no Notice taken.

Maria. Ay ! but if one were to do so in the City, one should have a Thousand Creatures with their *Counter-Countenances*, stuck in their Shop-Doors, to stare upon us——*Lisetta*, come hither ?

Liset. Madam ?

Maria. Here take off my Hood——Softly Clumsy Fift; how you tumble my Head with your *Thames-street* Hands!

Liset. I do it as softly as I can, Madam.

Maria. Yes, but as softly as you can, is very rough for my Head; and you have almost pull'd my Neck out of Joint.

Doro. And here take this Manteel, and carry it to my Wardrobe. Be sure you drag it along the Ground now. Where is the Wench going ? What is she doing ?

Liset. Lard, Madam, I don't know what you mean by your Wardrobe.

Doro. Oh Stupidity ! why the Place where my Cloaths hang, Ninny.

Liset. O ! the Press, Madam ?

Maria. Yes, the Press, if thou wilt have it so.

Liset. So a Press in the City, is a Wardrobe here it seems. Well I shall learn all the fine Names in Time.

Maria. What Pains one must take to instruct these Animals——here, *Almanzor*, Seats here. How hard it is, one can't have somebody to reach Chairs——Well my Dear, this is a transporting Mount, is'n't it now ? and shamefully cheap——I believe the People are all dead, and that we shall be oblig'd to reach Chairs for our selves.

Enter Footman.

Foot. Madam, there is——

Maria. Where have you been, Clown ?

Foot. In the Street, Madam.

Maria. And why in the Street, prithee ?

Foot. Why you bid me wait without, did'n't you Madam ?

Maria.

Doro.

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[*Exit hastily.*]

Val. Soh! what d'ye think of this whimsical Bear?

Lewis. Why, that he is half Brute, and t'other half something ten times worse.

Val. 'Sdeath, how shall I come at this dear Girl, or which Way to acquaint her with my Inclinations? Hark'e Rascal; follow me directly, and invent some Means or other to deliver me from this Perplexity, or thy Bones shall suffer for the Deficiency of thy Brains.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE a Room in Sir Humphry Hen-peck's House.

Enter Maria, Dorothea, and Lisetta.

Maria. Well 'tis charming walking in the Park this Morning! I adore this End of the Town, my Dear.

Doro.

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The GUARDIANS. 29

Doro. 'Tis Paradise it self, my Dear. Here one can trip out in what Dress one please, or at what Hour one please, and no Notice taken.

Maria. Ay ! but if one were to do so in the City, one should have a Thousand Creatures with their *Counter-Countenances*, stuck in their Shop-Doors, to stare upon us——*Lisetta*, come hither ?

Lisette. Madam ?

Maria. Here take off my Hood——Softly Clumsy Fift; how you tumble my Head with your *Thames-street* Hands!

Lisette. I do it as softly as I can, Madam.

Maria. Yes, but as softly as you can, is very rough for my Head; and you have almost pull'd my Neck out of Joint.

Doro. And here take this Manteel, and carry it to my Wardrobe. Be sure you drag it along the Ground now. Where is the Wench going ? What is she doing ?

Lisette. Lard, Madam, I don't know what you mean by your Wardrobe.

Doro. Oh Stupidity ! why the Place where my Cloaths hang, Ninny.

Lisette. O ! the Press, Madam ?

Maria. Yes, the Press, if thou wilt have it so.

Lisette. So a Press in the City, is a Wardrobe here it seems. Well I shall learn all the fine Names in Time.

Maria. What Pains one must take to instruct these Animals——here, *Almanzor*, Seats here. How hard it is, one can't have somebody to reach Chairs——Well my Dear, this is a transporting Mount, is'n't it now ? and shamefully cheap——I believe the People are all dead, and that we shall be oblig'd to reach Chairs for our selves.

Enter Footman.

Foot. Madam, there is——

Maria. Where have you been, Clown ?

Foot. In the Street, Madam.

Maria. And why in the Street, prithee ?

Foot. Why you bid me wait without, did'n't you Madam ?

Maria.

30 *The MAN of TASTE; Or,*

Maria. O the Blockhead ! did not you know, that *without*, in Quality Terms, means only the Anti-Chamber ?

Foot. But, Madam, there's a Footman below asks if you are at Home, and says his Master is coming to wait on you.

Maria. And who is this Footman's Master ?

Foot. My Lord *Apemode*, Madam.

Maria. Hah ! my Dear, a Lord ! this must be some Person of Taste and Politeness, who has heard of us.

Doro. Certainly, my Dear.

Maria. We'll receive him where we are ; but let us set our Heads in a little Order first. *Lisetta*, quick here and hold the Counsellor of Graces to us.

Lisette. Troth, Madam, I don't know what Creature that is.

Maria. Bring us the Looking-Glass, Ignorance ; and take care not to defile it by the communication of your Image.

Maria and Dorothea adjusting Themselves.

Martin enters with great Ceremony and salutes them.

Mar. You may very well be surpris'd, Ladies, at the Boldness of this Intrusion, but you may blame yourselves for it.

Maria. How so, my Lord ?

Mar. Why 'tis the *Eclat* of your Wit and Beauty, which brings it upon you ; for Merit has to me such potent Charms, that I pursue it every where.

Doro. If you pursue Merit, my Lord, you must not hunt in our Grounds.

Maria. Or if there's any here, my Lord, 'tis you that have brought it along with you.

Mar. Ah lard, Madam ! ——— Nay the very Beauty of that Compliment destroys it self, and proves that Fame has been true to your Deserts : In short, Ladies, you *pique*, *rapique*, and *capot* all that's Polite in the Universe.

Maria. Your Complaisance, my Lord, is too liberal ; and my Cousin and I shall take care not to give too much Credit to your Flattery,

Doro.

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Doro. My Dear, I think we should call for Chairs.

Maria. *Almanzor*,——Chairs this Moment!

Mar. But stay, Ladies, am I safe here?

Maria. Safe, my Lord!

Mar. Ay, is there no Cruelty design'd here, no Theft upon my Heart, no attempt upon my Liberty? Hah! I see Eyes there, that look Suspicious. I'faith, Ladies, I must even scamper for it, unless you'll give Bond that they shall do me no Mischief.

Maria. There's Wit and Delicacy, my Dear——
oh, my Lord, our Eyes have no ill Designs, and your Heart may rest satisfy'd of their good Behaviour.

Mar. [*combing his Wigg at the Glass*] Well, Ladies, what d'ye say of this End of the Town?

Maria. We can't say enough of it, my Lord.

Mar. There's nothing can be call'd Living, any where but here.

Doro. Oh! nothing, nothing.

Mar. No, nothing——Ladies of your Accomplishments are scarce ever alone, I suppose.

Maria. Alas! my Lord, we are but little known here yet.

Mar. Oh, I'll do your Business. Every body of Taste visits me, and I never rise without a Dozen of the *Beaux Esprits* at my Levée.

Maria. My Lord, we shall be infinitely oblig'd to you, if you'll help introduce us a little to the *Beau Monde*.

Mar. That, Madam, I shall do with infinite Pleasure. There's a Knot of us, you must know, of both Sexes, who claim an uncontrollable Authority in the Empire of Politeness. Whatever we do, is the Standard of Taste; and whatever we fancy, passes for the Fashion; and keeping us Company only, is sufficient to establish a Reputation.

Maria. Oh, most certainly! and by that Means, one should be instructed in a thousand Things, which are the very Essence of all fashionable Conversation, and without which, I would not give a Pin for all the Wit in the World.

Mar.

Doro.

Mar. Wit, Madam! lack-a-day, I'll establish an Academy of Wits at your House, and promise you there shan't be a Rhime made in Town, but you shall have it by Heart before any of the rest——As for my self, such as you see me, I write a little when I'm in the Mind: Let me see——you'll find handed about of mine in the whole, about two hundred Songs, four hundred *Epigrams*, and above a Thousand *Lampoons*, without reckoning *Prologues*, *Epilogues*, *Riddles*, and such like.

Maria. Oh, *Riddles*! I love a *Riddle* most furiously, I think nothing so exquisite.

Mar. Why *Riddles* are difficult, and require a peculiar Turn of Genius and Wit——you shall see some of mine, Madam, that won't displease you.

Doro. For my part, I'm strangely fond of an *Epigram*.

Mar. Ay, very pretty, very pretty. I have made four of them this Morning already: They exercise the Wit, and are a kind of Bitters that whet the Poetick Appetite.

Maria. Then *Odes* are agreeable too, when they are well turn'd.

Mar. *Odes*! Ay, that's my particular Talent; and I'm about turning the whole Roman History into *Odes*.

Maria. That must be infinitely fine, I bespeak a hundred Copies at least it 'tis printed.

Mar. I'll present you with one a-piece, Ladies, richly Bound. 'Tis beneath my Quality, indeed, but I only do it for the Booksellers Profit, who are always importing me.

Doro. No wonder they are, my Lord.

Mar. As you seem, Ladies, to be so fond of Wit and fine Things, I'll send you an *Extempore*, which I made yesterday at a certain Dutchess's of my Acquaintance; for I'm an old Dog at *Extempore*'s, you must know,

Maria. Oh, an *Extempore* is the very Touchstone of Wit.

Mar. I have made a Tune to't likewise, which is altogether as good as the Words

Maria. Have you learnt Musick then, my Lord?

Mar. I, Madam! No not at all.

Doro.

Doro. Then how could you make a Tune, my Lord?

Mar. Oh, Madam! People of Quality know every thing——without learning any thing at all.

Maria. Certainly, my Dear.

Mar. Ay, ay, they have Taste and Accomplishments of every kind by Inheritance, Madam. They are born Poets and Painters and Musicians and every thing——as they are Lords. For my part I abhor all Pains, I even let Nature take its Course, and trust to paternal Wit and Merit.

Maria. But you was educated at the University; I suppose, my Lord.

Mar. Alas, Madam, no, no, that's quite out of Fashion. A Colledge is good for nothing but to make one Slovenly and Pedantick. The Education of People of Fashion is now a-days more at large.

Doro. But then you have travell'd, to be sure, my Lord.

Mar. Yes, Madam——I have rode *Post* thro' every Town in *Great-Britain*——for 'tis necessary, you know, to be perfectly well acquainted with one's own Country first. After that, Madam, I drove all *Europe* over, and I think I may say without Vanity, to as much purpose as most People of Quality now-adays do. D'ye see this Lace, Madam?

Maria. As fine as a Cobweb, my Lord.

Mar. This I purchas'd at *Brussels* This Embroidery I had done for me in *Paris*.

Doro. Wonderfully Rich.

Mar. This Linen, wove on purpose at *Cambray*.

Maria. No Cambrick comes up to it.

Mar. This Ring, Madam——

Maria. Ah! it puts out my Eyes——

Mar. This Brilliant I bought of a *Jew* at the *Hague* Then as for my *Solitaire*——I gad I forgot where 'twas made——But my *Chaplain* kept the Journal of my Travels, I can know of him; I think 'tis larger by some Inches than any I have seen.

Doro. Most extremely genteel!

Mar.

34 *The MAN of TASTE; Or,*

Mar. So you see, Ladies, I did not go Abroad for nothing; I'm come Home a little more improv'd than I went.

Maria. Superlatively compleat! your Lordship has not an Inch of any thing *English* about you.

Mar. Nothing, nothing, Madam, except this Oaken stick, in my Hand: This indeed is the product of *Windsor Forest*.

Maria. Ay, my Lord, an *English* Club is fit to keep *English* Bull-Dogs at a Distance.

Mar. D'ye observe what a cursed grim Phiz here is; now when a Man is affronted, 'tis only shewing the Face of his Staff, and he has no Occasion to discompose his own Countenance, you know.

Doro. True, my Lord — But did your Lordship bring home nothing from *Rome*?

Mar. A whole Barnful of Curiosities, Madam: Old Coins, Medals, Statues, and Pictures by the Hundred Weight.

Maria. All Antiques and Originals, to be sure:

Mar. Faith, Madam, I can't tell that; I was not at the Pains of collecting them myself. They are what they should be, tho', I don't question; for they cost a plaguy deal of Money, — and the Price you know in those Cases is the only thing we ever judge by.

Doro. We'll come and see 'em, my Lord, and give our Opinion.

Mar. Lack-a-day, Madam, they are all huddled together for the present, for want of Apartments proper to place 'em in; but I have sent my Builder over to *Venice* to bring home a score or two of Models, and then I shall immediately fall to Building — 'Tis Building! Building, Madam! by which a Man now must manifest his Taste.

Maria. Oh, I Adore our new way of Building! so delicate! so quite *Novelle* and out of the Way.

Mar. Such noble *Rusticks* without, such elegant *Stuccos* within, and such a Grove of Chimnies on Top!

Doro. With Windows no larger than the Mount of one's Fau!

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Maria. And a Wall before, as high again as the House which serves so sublimely for a *Blind*, and by which Means the insolent Rays of the Sun are so utterly excluded, that one would think one's self at Noon-day in some underground Cavern!

Mar. Right, Madam, but then a *Lantern* in the Hall as big as a Light-house; and such a Blaze of Wax in the Evening, is so charming! Such a polite turning of Night in every respect into Day, that nothing better could ever have been thought of!

Maria. Superlatively exquisite! — But come, my Lord, we are going to *Deard's* this Morning to purchase a few Rings and Shells, and some other Necessaries; shan't we have the Assistance of your Lordship's Fancy?

Doro. That Shop is a Cabinet of Delights! one might lay out a whole Fortune there before one knew one had got any thing one wanted — Come, my Lord, you'll go with us.

Maria. Why faith, Madam, I'm engag'd to be at a famous Auction of Books, this Morning.

Maria. Your Lordship, I suppose, is a very great Reader?

Mar. Yes, Madam — of very small things: A Sixpenny Poem or Pamphlet, now and then a Monthly Magazine, and if I want a Nap after Dinner — a Weekly Journal.

Maria. Oh, no body of Taste reads anything now above a Pamphlet or News-paper.

Mar. No, — no more than they study any thing above *Quadrille*, or an Opera Song — But a Man must have a Library, you know, and then he must have Books to put in it — and if the Gilding be good they make a pritty orderly Figure enough.

Doro. True, my Lord — But this shan't serve for an Excuse.

Maria. No, he positively shall go.

[*Taking hold of his Sleeve*

Doro. [*Taking hold of t'other Sleeve.*] Yes, we insist upon it.

Mar

Ma. [*Bawling out suddenly.*] Hold ! hold ! hold !
S'death and Furies, Ladies, what d'ye mean ! What
Usage is this ! Murder ! Murder !

Maria. Bless me ! What's the Matter, my Lord ?

Mar. What both at once against my Heart ? to at-
tack me Right and Left thus ! 'Tis contrary to the
Law of Nations : Two to one is downright Cruelty,
Butchery, Murder, and Manslaughter.

Maria. Ha, ha, ha ! Admirable ! Witty beyond
Measure !

Doro. You are more afraid than hurt, and your
Heart cries out before 'tis wounded.

Mar. 'Sdeath, Madam, I'm all one Wound from
Head to Foot.

Maria. Come along then, come along, you merry
Mortal, for go you shall.

Mar. Nay, Madam, I find 'tis in vain for me to re-
sist ; I must be a Sacrifice to such potent Charms.

So the poor Sheep, with fragrant Flowers array'd,
Is drag'd a Victim to the *Cyprian* Maid ;
The best and fattest must her Power appease,
So fatal 'tis, alas ! too much to please !
In vain it strives, in vain it bleats, poor Beast !
Since doom'd it is, and at each Horn a Priest.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Sir Positive Bubble and Dorinda.

Sir Pos. **V**ERY well, very well, I know the Spark
by the Description you give me of him ;
this is his House, you say ? Very well ; go you in there,
lest he should chance to come out and see you here ;
depend upon me, let me alone ; get you in and be easy,
and leave me to do it ; I'll go talk to the young Shatter-
brains presently.

Doro.

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Doro. Well, this is a bold Project ——— But the dreadful Situation I am in, will sufficiently excuse me with reasonable People. [Exit.

Sir Pos. Ay, ay, I don't wonder now he was so mighty ceremonious ——— Strangely fond of my Acquaintance! ——— Yes, and he should be glad to spend an Evening with me now and then; Ah, Serpent ——— But let's lose no Time ——— Oh! here he is coming out, and his Shoulder-Knot Puppy, at his Heels; that supple Rascal is his chief Engine, it seems.

Enter Valentine and Lewis.

Val. *Sir Positive* Bubble! your most humble Servant, Sir. I am heartily glad to see you, Sir.

Sir Pos. And I am glad to see you, Sir, but can't stoop so low to tell you so, ——— I think your Name is *Valentine*?

Val. It is, Sir.

Sir Pos. Very well, Mr. *Valentine*; then I'm come to talk with you a little; and therefore be so good to answer me one Thing. Do you know, that I am Guardian to a Girl, young, and tolerably handsome; who lives in this Neighbourhood, and calls her self *Dorinda*.

Val. I do, Sir.

Sir Pos. If you know it, I need not tell it you: But do you know likewise, that I'm more nearly concern'd for her than as Guardian, and that I design her the Honour of being my Wife?

Val. No, truly.

Sir Pos. Then, that I do tell you, and at the same time, that it would be very proper for you to desist from your Pretensions, and not trouble her any more with your impertinent Passion.

Val. who I, *Sir Positive*?

Sir Pos. Yes, you, Mr. *Valentine* ——— Come, come, it signifies nothing to dissemble: I am not to be deceiv'd.

Val. Pray, *Sir Positive*, who told you any such thing?

Sir Pos. Why those that may be believ'd, Sir.

Val. But who are those?

Sir Pos. She her self; what say you to that now?

Val. She!

Sir

38 *The MAN of TASTE; Or,*

Sir Pos. Yes, She; is not that sufficient? Like an honest Girl, she just now discovered the whole Affair to me, and what's more, charg'd me to tell you, that since you have pursued her thus, which she's greatly offended at, her Heart has but too well understood the Language of your Eyes; and that 'twill be in vain for you to pretend to any Favours from her, which are contrary to the Affection she reserves for me.

Val. Is it she her self, do you say, that sent you here to ———

Sir Pos. Yes, she sent me to tell you so; and that she would sooner have let you know her Sentiments upon it, if she had found an Opportunity; but that at length she was oblig'd to make use of me to inform you, that you have have follow'd and ogl'd her long enough, and that if you have any ever so little Sense, you'll take other Measures.

Val. Take other Measures!

Sir Pos. Ay, take other Measures, Sir, ——— I think 'tis plain enough.

Val. [*Aside.*] I'gad, I think so too.

Sir Pos. This, Sir, is all I have to say to you at present, and so your Servant, Sir, without any Ceremony ——— and we beseech you for the future to mind your own Business a little better.

Val. Soh! What dost thou think, *Lewis*, of this mysterious Business?

Sir Pos. [*At a Distance watching him.*] He's strangely surpriz'd.

Lewis. Think? why, that there's no Mystery in it, Sir. At least, none that you ought to be displeas'd at. The Message does not look as if it came from one who had a Mind you should give over your Addresses to her.

Sir Pos. It works purely.

[*Aside.*]

Val. Could I but think so, *Lewis*, Oh, the dear Charmer!

Lewis. Hush, hush, none of these Transports; you see he observes us, let's get out of his Sight.

Val. But where, What to do? I don't know where I am, nor what I say, nor ———

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Lewis. Come, dear Sir, come along — [*Aside.*] *Bedlam*, I think is the fittest Place for you at present.

[*Exeunt*]

Sir Pos. So, he's march'd off with a Flea in his Ear. He did not expect such a Message, I'll warrant him: Now let me go in and satisfy *Dorinda*: I'm glad to find the Education I have given her, produces such good Fruit in her; Virtue is all she minds, I find; her Virtue is so very nice too, that 'tis offended at the bare Look of a Man — Well, I'll go and cherish these good Principles in her. [*Exit.*]

SCENE changes to a Room in Sir Positive Bubble's House.

Dorinda sitting at a Table with a Letter sealed up in her Hand.

Dorin. I'm afraid my Lover is so blinded by his Passion, that he does not comprehend the Intention of my Message; and since my Case is so desperate, and I've such an excellent Messenger, I'll e'en run the Risk of sending him another, that shall speak more plainly — But hold — do I know what I am doing? Is not this Proceeding of mine liable to the severest Censure — What will the World say? Nay, what will he think of me? To throw off my Sex's Modesty, and confess an Inclination for a Man, that's almost a Stranger to me — It must not be [*Puts away the Letter*] And yet if I do not, what must become of me? Why, I must be marry'd! marry'd to an old Brute, Tyrant, and what's worse than all, a Fool, and an obstinate Fool too; [*Taking the Letter again*] that, neither, must not be. No, I'll rather trust to *Valentine's* Honour, and the World's Compassion — and so Heart take Courage! If I am fated to Misery, I'd rather suffer it with one I love, than undergo it with one I loath. But here comes my Jaylor. [*Puts the Letter in her Pocket, and takes her Work.*]

Enter

Enter Sir Positive.

Sir Pos. Here, I am come back, Chuck.

Dorin. Well.

Sir Pos. Your Message has had its full Effect; our Spark's Business is done compleatly, and so let us talk of him no more, nor think of him no more; the fluttering Coxcomb only wanted to impose on you, and laugh at you afterwards. Ay, a Thing common, a Thing very common with these Tinsel Blades. They have fine Cloaths, Lace and Feathers in abundance; smart Wigs, white Teeth, and a smooth Tongue; but I assure you, there's a Cloven Foot underneath, and they are seducing Fiends, who endeavour to make's Prey of all Female Honour.

Dorin. So I believe, Guardee.

Sir Pos. Dost thou so——Odd, give me a Kiss, give me a Kiss; I will give thee a Kiss for that.

Dorin. [*Aside.*] Oh, the Beast.

Sir Pos. [*Taking a Chair and sitting down by her.*] And now Girl lay aside your Work, and hearken to me a little. *Dorinda*, I intend to marry you within these six Days, for which you ought to admire my Goodness, in taking you to the Bed and Embraces of a Man, whose Heart has refus'd to a hundred People the Honour it does you.

Dorin. [*Aside.*] Soh!

Sir Pos. Marriage, *Dorinda*, is a weighty Thing, and manifold are the Duties incumbent on a Wife. Your Sex becomes absolutely dependent in that State, and all the Power is on the *Beard-Side*: For tho' Man and Wife be too Halves of one Flesh, yet the one is the superior Half and t'other the inferior, and the Obedience which a well-disciplin'd Soldier shews to his General, or a Servant to his Master is not to be compar'd with the Docility, Submission, and profound Respect which the Wife owes to her Husband, her Chief, her Lord and Master——d'ye mind me, Girl?

Dorin. Yes, *Sir Positive*, I do mind you, indeed, and think what you say is most incomparable——But pray what did that Coxcomb, *Valentine*, say, when you deliver'd my Message?

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Sir Pos. Say? I don't know what he said; what matters whether he said any thing at all or not. He would have denied the Thing at first; but when I once told him that you sent me, he was quite struck dumb — He'll not come here again, I warrant him.

Dorin. I'm afraid he will, and that he is yet cutting more Work for us yet.

Sir Pos. How! what reason have you to think so?

Dorin. You had no sooner left me, but, just throwing up the Sash for a little Air, a gay young Fellow appear'd under the Window, who, with a low Bow, and a Compliment from *Valentine*, flung a Box directly into the Room, with a Letter in it, seal'd like a *Billet-doux*; I would instantly have thrown it back to him, but he immediately made off, and left me half mad with Vexation and Resentment.

Sir Pos. Mercy on us, what a Plot is here! what a strange piece of Cunning and Knavery!

Dorin. My Virtue obliges me to send back directly both the Box and Letter to this impertinent Creature — But who can I most properly send it by? I would not willingly give you the trouble of it *Sir Positive* —

Sir Pos. Oh! no trouble, no trouble — on the contrary Sweet-heart, 'tis a testimony of your Love and Fidelity to me; 'tis with the utmost Joy I undertake it and you oblige me by it, more than I am able to express.

Dorin. Here take it then.

Sir Pos. But hold, let us see what the Coxcomb says in it. Abundance of fine Velvet Trumpery, I warrant him; for 'tis a subtle Rascal.

Dorin. Ah! for goodness sake, stay, stay — don't open it for the World, *Sir Positive*.

Sir Pos. Not open it, why to? 'twill only be a Laughing-bout for us, Chuck.

Dorin. [*Aside.*] You are much Mistaken — [*Holding his Hands as he goes to open it.*] dear Guardee, let me beg of you not to do it.

Sir Pos. Ay, but why? why?

Dorin.

42 *The MAN of TASTE; Or,*

Dorin. Why! — would not he have reason to believe that 'twas I did it? A Woman of strict Honour, Sir, should never dare to open a Letter sent her by a Fellow. The Curiosity one then discovers, shews a secret Pleasure in hearing one's self flatter'd: No, return him the Letter this Moment, seal'd up as it is, that he may see how I despise him; that he may for ever despair of obtaining his Wishes, and no more attempt the like Extravagance.

Sir Pos. S'bobs, she's in the Right on't — I am charm'd, Love, with your Prudence as well as your Virtue — I perceive my Instructions are rooted in her Heart — Well, Girl, by so much Discretion and Honour, you shew yourself worthy to be my Wife.

Dorin. However, Sir, I would not balk your Curiosity; you have the Letter, you may open it if you please.

Sir Pos. No, no, — no not I — lack-a-day, I have no Curiosity; no, no, your Reasons against it are too good for that. I'll go and unburthen my self of it directly — But hark'e me, is not this same Box that 'twas in, a gold one?

Dorin. Yes, most certainly.

Sir Pos. Hum — Why, then, I think, you need not send back that — keep it on purpose to punish the Knave. Od's me, a good Thought, and it shall be my Present to thee before our Marriage, Chuck, instead of your Diamonds and such sort of Bawbles.

Dorin. By no Means, Sir *Positive* — He'll then say that I accepted his Present, and only sent back the Letter to make a Shew of my Virtue, and impose upon you — O by no Means.

Sir Pos. That's right again — Ay, that's true. But I'm sorry for it — 'Tis a wonderful pretty Box, and I'm strangely loth to part with it methinks, as it came so reasonable. Well, Dear, I'll be back with you again very soon, therefore wait for me below in the Parlour, and set your Heart at ease, I'll do your Business for you effectually, I'll warrant thee.

Dorin. I hope you will, Guardee, and I don't doubt it before you have done.

[Exit.
Sir Pos.

Sir Pos. I
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Mar. I, Sir!

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Sir Pof. How glad am I, how mightily rejoic'd to see this Girl so strangely modest! What a Treasure of Honour have I in my House! To look on the very Compliments of a Man as Treason; receive a *Billet doux* as a high Affront; and to send it back to the Spark by me my self! Wonderful! I'd fain know if my Brother's Lafs would have acted thus: But young Girls are just as they are taught. [Exit.

SCENE, the Park.

Enter Harcourt, Horatio and Martin.

Har. Well, Rascal ———

Mar. My Lord, if you please, Sir.

Har. Ay, Rascal, or my Lord, which you please, Sir; what Progress have you made in your Amour?

Mar. O! most unconscionable Progress for the Time. But look'e, Sir, I can't pretend to go on any farther with it by my self. Unless you send me some Recruits, I must raise the Siege, for they make most furious Sal-lies upon me; and I'gad I'm not able to stand them both.

Hor. Oh, I'll send in my Fellow *Reynard*, to your Relief. He has a brave sprightly Genius, and will make an excellent *Colonel, A-la-mode*.

Mar. Ay, that will do, Sir; let me but have a Man of War for my Partner, and we'll fight it out.

Har. I must confess, *Horatio*, tho' her Usage of me has forfeited my Esteem, it could not so soon cure my Love. I breath'd only for her, and my Heart lived wholly in her; and behold the worthy Recompence! I am rejected with Scorn, and my Footman, because he has a Feather and a Title, receiv'd with open Arms: S'death, 'tis insufferable! Hark'e *Martin*, be sure you never speak again to me in her Favour.

Mar. I, Sir! marry Heav'n forbid.

Har.

Har. Never attempt to excuse her Behaviour, by saying, 'tis only the effect of Youth, and a lively Genius, and that 'tis natural for young Girls to be fond of Flatter, and dazled with Quality — I'll hear no such Apologies.

Mar. From any body but your self, I suppose you mean, Sir.

Hor. Ha, ha, ha! *Martin's* in the right on't.

Har. But hark'e, Sirrah, take Care you don't over-act your Part, and let your Affectation run away with your Prudence; don't play the Buffoon instead of the Beau.

Mar. Gad, Sir, I know no difference between 'em.

Har. Yes, Sir, — but Extravagance it self may be acted extravagantly, and even a *Modern Man of Taste* may be painted too glaring.

Mar. O dear, Sir! That's impossible — Why, Sir, I have heard more Absurdities about Dressing, Singing, Gallanting, Building, Poetry, Pimping, and other Parts of Modern Politeness, while I have been adjusting my Lord *Apemode's* Toupee in a Morning, than I could utter in a whole Fortnight — But see, here they are upon us — Away, Sir, away immediately!

Enter Maria, and Dorothea.

Dear *Frank* and *Ned*, fare you well — I shall be glad to give you a Meeting, Boys, at honest *Jeptson's* when you will.

Har. My Lord, your Servant — We'll obey your Summons at any time. *Exeunt Har. and Hor.*

Mar. Ah, Ladies! is the Sun risen at last? I have been expiring all this Morning for want of the animating Rays of your Beauty.

Maria We are just come from the Levée, my Lord; and were surpris'd we did not see your Lordship there.

Mar. O gad, Madam, why, why, a couple of dirty Fellows, that you saw just now part from me, have kept me here these two Hours; and most cruelly persecuted me with their rusticated Conversation.

Maria What, *Harcourt*! that stiffen'd Mortal, that's so ridiculously exact always. Heavens! has he no Friend

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Mar. Wh

Madam, that

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Friend that will be so charitable as to advise him about his strange Forms ?

Mar. An odd Creature, upon my Soul, and carries such an awkward Air about, that every Sight of him is a swinging Laugh, ha, ha, ha !

Doro. Then, there was my Lover, I think, with him ; that eternal Reasoner, *Horatio*, who by all that's serious had the Conscience to keep me a full Hour out of my Chariot in the Heat of the Sun.

Maria. Ay, my Dear, that is the queerest rattle Put Creature——one that has always the Art of saying nothing to you, with a World of Circumlocution. You can never know what he's talking about, and all you're list'ning to, is a mere Noise.

Mar. S'life, Ladies, you are as perfect in the Conversation of this End of the Town, as if you had been bred up here. You'll slay your Reputations by Thousands and Ten Thousands.

Maria. Why, truly, my Lord, I hope in a little time we shall become sociable Creatures, and fit to converse with the humane Part of our Species ; for, to say the Truth, we have serv'd a kind of Apprenticeship to it. We were under the Tutorage of the polite Mrs *Slanderwell*, the whole Season, at *Bath*, last year.

Mar. Ah, poor *Slanderwell* ! that was an excellent, dear, good-natur'd Creature.

Maria. Was !——what d'ye mean ?

Mar. She is no more !

Doro. No more !

Mar. No —— she lost her last Thousand t'other Night at the Masquerade, in the Habit of a *Roman Vestal* ; and then went home, and shook Hands with the World.

“ As fair, as fearless, and as full resolv'd,

“ As any *Greek*, or *Roman* of them all.

Maria. I don't understand you, my Lord.

Mar. Why she took a Dose of generous *Laudanum*, Madam, that's all —— A pretty free Glass of *Aqua Mortis*, and so chous'd her Ill-Fortune at once.

Maria.

46 *The MAN of TASTE; Or,*

Maria. Poor Creature ! I am ready to weep for her — and yet I scarce pity her neither, she dy'd so politely.

Mar. Oh very politely ! yes, yes, very politely. *Laudaxum* is the Tip-top of the Fashion at present.

Maria. Oh, 'tis the most charming genteel Way of doing the Thing, when People are a little out of Humour with the World. And then one must needs look so compos'd after it too.

Doro. True — and one would not care to look frightful when one's dead.

Maria. But what a Pity it is, that it should be polluted, as it too often is, by the unhallow'd Hands of vulgar Wretches !

Mar. That's true indeed ; and I think 'tis a Shame the Vulgar should be suffer'd to make such an honourable End.

Doro. But there's no keeping the Creatures from mimicking their Betters.

Mar. That's very right, for 'twas but t'other Day, that I overheard two of my own Footmen setting up for *Free-Thinkers* ; and o' my Soul they rally'd as well on the Affair, and talk'd as smartly against Superstition and Priestcraft, and going to Church, and all that, i'gad, as the best of us all could ha' done.

Maria. Insolent Animals :

Mar. Ay, for these are Privileges, which People of Breeding and Distinction only should enjoy — But, come Ladies, there's a new Play to be rehears'd this Morning, which I should be glad to usher you to.

Maria. Nay, Cousin, this Offer is not to be refus'd.

Mar. But, I beg you'll give it a Character ; for I'm engag'd to support it. 'Tis the Custom here, you must know, for Authors to come and read to us Persons of Quality their new Performances, that we may spread their Reputation ; and I'll leave you to imagine, if the Pit dare contradict us. For my part, I'm very punctual in this Respect, and when I have once made a Promise to a Poet, I'm sure to cry out, *That's fine*, before the Candles are lighted.

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Mar. Very well, my Lord, since we are instructed, we shall cry up every thing that's said.

Mar. Then, to let you into a Secret, Ladies, you must know, I have wrote a Play my self, which I design'd to have had acted, but that the rascally Players had the Insolence to say there was no Wit in it. But, come Madam, 'tis Time, if we would be there at the Beginning.

Maria. Oh my Lord, we'd not lose a Speech for the Universe.

Doro. No, not a single Line, for the World. [*Exeunt Enter Valentine and Lewis.*]

Val. What is it?

Lewis. Troth Sir, I don't know what it is, nor what it means. A Box and a Letter, I think the old Savage said, which *Dorinda* had receiv'd from you, which she is mighty angry about, and returns the Letter without ever opening it — Dear Sir, open it your self, and read it quickly, and let's see whether I am out in my Conjectures or not.

Valentine [*Reads.*]

SIR,

I Don't question but this Letter will very much surprise you; and both my Design in writing, and the Manner of sending it may be thought very rash in me. But my Condition will suffer me to observe no Forms. The Apprehension of a detested Marriage, with which I am threatened within six Days, makes me venture at any thing; and as I'm determin'd to deliver my self from it at any Rate, I thought it better to choose you, than despair. You have for some Time, by your Actions, given me Reason to guess at your Inclinations; and I would not have you think that the Difficulties I'm under, are the only Cause of my favourable Sentiments for you, though they indeed could only oblige me to discover 'em in this manner, and break through the Formalities which the Decency of my Sex requires — If you have Humanity in your Soul, you'll assist me speedily — and if you've Honour in you Breaſt, you'll do it in a manner that shall be least injurious to the Reputation of the disress'd

Dorinda.

Lewis

Lewis. Well, Sir, is not this Contrivance an Original?

Val. Yes, now *Lewis*, I think her perfectly adorable. These Strokes of her Wit and Friendship add fresh Fuel to my Passion. Her Understanding, I see, is as beautiful as her Person, and this Discovery of her Affection, is so far from being any Reproach to her Modesty, that it convinces me all Female Virtue (as we young Fellows think) does not lie in Grimace; but that the Substance is theirs as well as the Shadow. All that her dear Heart felt, has her honest Hand here written: In Terms too so moving, so full of Goodness, so exquisitely frank as well as tender — just as pure Nature speaks, and noble generous Sentiments suggest. [*Reads again.*] *If you have Humanity in your Soul, assist me speedily; and if you have Honour in your Breast, do it in a manner that shall be the least injurious to the Reputation of the distress'd Dorinda.* Sure, never yet was Wretch so void of either, as not to listen to such a Call as this.

Lewis. Sir, pray pocket up your Letter for the present, and reserve your Comment upon it till another Opportunity; for here's our Gentleman upon our Heels again.

Enter Sir Positive Bubble.

Lewis. [*Making up to him.*] Your humble Servant, Sir, I have return'd the Letter to my Master, Sir. Wou'd you please to have any thing more with me, Sir?

Sir Pos. Yes, Sir, I'd have you hang'd if I could; but as that can't be done presently, I'd have you advise your Master to give us no more Disturbance of this Kind again.

Lewis. Sir, my Master's here, if you please to speak to him your self.

Sir Pos. Well, Mr. *Foppington*, will you send Love-Letters with Gold Boxes again? You see how your precious Presents are receiv'd. 'Tis wasting Powder to kill Sparrows, I assure you, Sir. The Girl is wise, and has plac'd her whole Affection upon me, so you had better march off and attack some other Place.

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Val. Your Merit, Sir, I must confess, is too great an Obstacle to my Addresses, and you are bless'd with so many Accomplishments, both of Body and Mind, that 'tis Folly in me to dispute *Dorinda's* Love with you.

Sir Pos. Very true——we know it.

Val. Yes, Sir, I here quit all my Pretensions to you; but then let a miserable Lover, whose Torment you are the Cause of, obtain one Favour of you however.

Sir Pos. I don't know that, 'till I hear what it is.

Val. 'Tis only this, that you would assure the charming *Dorinda* of the Purity as well as the Sincerity of my Passion for her, and that I never entertain'd a Thought which might offend her Honour.

Sir Pos. Very well.

Val. That having my Fortune as well as Inclination in my own Power, my utmost Ambition was to have fix'd them both upon her, had not your more fortunate Destiny prov'd a Bar to my Hopes.

Sir Pos. Right.

Val. That happen what will, I shall love her to my latest Gasps, and that nothing could have put an End to my eager Addresses, but the just Regard I have for your superior Merit.

Sir Pos. You speak wisely.

Val. And when you have inform'd her of this, tell her likewise, that if she can think of any Method by which I may more effectually demonstrate the Honour of my Intentions, let her but make me acquainted with it, and I'll not be slack in the Execution.

Sir Pos. Very well, very well, I'll go presently and tell her what you say, which I'm sure will please her. But heark'e, young Man, as you seem to deal so frankly with me, and resign your Pretensions with so much Honour; I'll give you once a Piece of Advice——Get rid of this foolish Passion as soon as you can, d'ye hear me? don't let it hang about you, like a Third-day's Ague, to vex the poor Heart of thee, don't; no, don't, I say, ha, ha, ha!

50 *The MAN of TASTE; Or,*

Val. I'll take your Advice, Sir, and seek an effectual Remedy for it as speedily as possible; and so farewell, Sir. [*Aside.*] What a special Cully have we to deal with!

[*Exit.*]

Sir Pos. Ha, ha, ha! I could not help laughing at him, and yet I pity the poor Wretch too; yes I do pity him with all my Heart, for it must be a sad thing to love so violently, and yet despair at the same time. But he was a silly Dog to take it in his Head to besiege a Fort which I was Master of.

When Love and Duty guard the Virgin's Breast,
The Coxcomb's weak Attempts are all a Jest.

[*Exit.*]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, a Room in Sir Humphrey Henpeck's House.

Sir Humphrey Henpeck and Freelove meeting.

Free. SIR Humphrey, your Servant.

Sir Hum. Mr. Freelove, I'm your very humble Servant. I'm much pleas'd to see you here, Sir.

Free. Then I hope, Sir, you'll be pleas'd with what brought me here——you have known young Harcourt for some Time, I think, Sir Humphrey.

Sir Hum. Ay, marry have I, and known him so well that I know few young Fellows that deserve so well.

Free. I'm glad to hear you have so great a Value for him; for 'tis on his Account, 'Im come to wait on you.

Sir Hum. I was acquainted with his Father in my Journey to Rome; he was a very honest Gentleman, Mr. Freelove.

Free. I know it, Sir.

Sir Hum. We whisk'd the Roman Ladies about, and made some Noses swell, let me tell you; our Prank then was all that was talk'd of.

Free.

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Free. But Sir Humphrey Sir Hum.

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Free. This is all mighty well, Sir *Humphrey*; but to come to Business. *Harcourt*, I know, has a very great Esteem for your Daughter, and as I wish the young Fellow very well, I thought my Application in his Favour might facilitate the Affair.

Sir Hum. Mr. *Freelove*, there's nothing I more desire than such an Alliance. He was here himself but yesterday on the same Business, when the Jade prov'd a little resty, it seems, and thereby gave some Disgust. But he must not mind that; adod, when I was as young as he is, I did not regard a Girl's flouncing a little.

Free. But how does my Lady approve of the Design Sir *Humphrey*? we had best speak to her ———

Sir Hum. No Matter, no Matter; I approve of it, that's enough.

Free. But t'won't be amiss to have her Consent too; Things will go on the smoother.

Sir Hum. There's no need on't, I'll answer for my Wife, and take the Business upon my self.

Free. Be it so: I'll leave you then to speak to her, and will return again presently to hear what you have done.

Sir Hum. O, 'tis done already, since 'tis my Pleasure; but here she comes, I'll let her know my Intention directly. [Exit *Freelove*.]

Enter Lady Henpeck.

Sir Hum. Soh, Wife! I'm glad you are come, for I've something to ———

La. Hen. Pray, Sir *Humphrey*, learn to speak to me in a more civil Manner. Will you never leave off that barbarous Rusticity of Behaviour? I must tell you, Sir, I don't understand being treated so familiarly. *Sob, Wife, indeed!*

Sir Hum. Well, my Lady; then, if it must be so ——— I have an Affair of Importance to talk to you about, and therefore, laying aside Ceremony, hark you me a little!

La. Hen. Heark you me a little! O horrible! was there ever such a Phrase! Why, Sir *Humphrey*, will you be always murdering of all Grammar and Constructions thus?

Sir Hum

Sir Hum. S'bobs and Budakins, I can bear no longer; I must spit my Venom, let what will come of it. D'ye see me, Wife? this ridiculous Nicety, and farcical Affectation of Learning and Taste, and the Duce knows what, makes you laugh'd at every where for a downright Madwoman.

La. Hen. How!

Sir Hum. Yes, your being always poring over Books thus, is mere Frenzy, and except a great *Plutarch*, that I keep my Bands in, you ought to burn all this useless Trumpery, and remove out of the Garret that monstrous Telescope, that's enough to frighten one. You should not meddle with what's done in the Moon, but what's done in your own Family a little more. In short this Humour of yours has infatuated the whole House. They know the Motions of *Venus*, *Saturn* and *Mars*, all whom I have nothing to do with; and understand every thing but what they ought to understand.

La. Hen. Very well, Sir.

Sir Hum. To reason, forsooth, is the Business of my House; so that reasoning has banish'd all Reason out of it—and I have a Heap of Servants, without ever being serv'd. One in reading Poetry, burns my Meat; another, when I call for Drink, squeaks in *Recitativo*.

La. Hen. How this Grossness of Imagination shocks me! Is the Body, that Rag, of any Importance? no, our only Concern ought to be nourishing the Mind, with the Food of Learning.

Sir. Hum. My Body is my self, and I'll take care on't. You may call it a Rag if you please, but by the Mass, that Rag is dear to me; and that same Food of the Mind is but airy Nourishment for't. But I say again Wife, that a Woman's Library ought to be nothing but a Thimble or two, a Thread-Paper, and a sufficient Quantity of Pins and Needles.

La. Hen. Mighty well, wise Sir; won't you please to go on? have you ne'er another Bolt to shoot?

Sir Hum. (*Aside.*) 'Sbud she begins to look like her self, I must give over in time, or we shall be all in the Suds here—No, Love, let's talk no more of this, but

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but come to the Business I wanted to consult you upon. Our Girl, you know, is now ripe for Matrimony, and I think we should do well to find out a Match for her.

La. Hen. Oh, don't you take any care about that—I have provided a Husband for her already.

Sir Hum. But I have one propos'd to me that I have a great Respect for, and that is young *Harcourt*; you know him, my Dear.

La. Hen. Yes, Sir *Humphrey*, better than you know him, or than he knows himself. I know him to be an Ignoramus, Sir.

Sir Hum. Introth, that may be, but however, he's allow'd by every Body to be a Gentleman of Honour, Wit, Courage and Discretion.

La. Hen. How, Sir! I have no Judgment at all then, I suppose.

Sir Hum. Softly Duck, I don't say that.

La. Hen. What, are you resolv'd to maintain his Cause?

Sir Hum. No not I,——but what's his Fault?

La. Hen. Are you so sottish, as to take his Part against all Sense and Reason?

Sir Hum. By no Means, my Lady. But what's his Crime?

La. Hen. I'll warrant, you'd represent it as a thing of no Consequence, instead of being in a Rage, with him, as you ought to be.

Sir Hum. No, no, my Jewel, I am in a Rage, in a woundy Rage; and I wish I had the Rascal here. But after all, what has he done tho'?

La. Hen. Done! Why, he had the Impudence to say in my Hearing, that Learning in Women was like Drunkenness in Men——only made 'em both ridiculous and impertinent.

Sir Hum. Is that all?

La. Hen. What don't you think it an unpardonable Affront?

Sir Hum. Yes, yes, to be sure.

La. Hen. I should have been glad to have seen you gone about to excuse it.

Sir Hum.

54 *The MAN of TASTE; Or,*

Sir Hum. Lack-a-day, Love! I don't intend to do any such thing.

La. Hen. Or after this, would you so much as think of giving him your Daughter? No, but there's a young Nobleman now in the House, Lord *Apemode* he calls himself. He's a Man something like a Man; a Man of Wit, a Man of Politeness, a Man of Judgment, and a Man of Gallantry. And I hope, *Sir Humphrey*, you'll give me leave to be a better Judge of a Man's Abilities than you are.

Sir Hum. To be sure, you are, Wife. Ay, ay, to be sure.

La. Hen. Very well, Sir, then don't offer to speak a Word against my Choice. I'll go and settle it with our Daughter directly. Don't pretend to argue with me, for I'm resolv'd, and that's Reason enough.

[*Exit Lady Henpeck.*]

Enter Freelove.

Free. Well, *Sir Humphrey*, my Lady's gone, I perceive — you have open'd the Affair to her?

Sir Hum. Yes, yes.

Free. With what Success? has she given her Consent?

Sir Hum. Not quite, yet.

Free. Does she refuse?

Sir Hum. No.

Free. Does she take Time to consider?

Sir Hum. No, no, she never takes Time to consider — But she has propos'd another Man!

Free. Another Man!

Sir Hum. Yes, one Lord *Apemode*, I think, that she's mighty fond of.

Free. What! that insignificant Coxcomb, that Retailer of other People's Wit and Verses; I'd as soon marry my Daughter to an Eccho — Pray, what Answer did you make her?

Sir Hum. None at all — for if I had, adod, I should have pull'd an old House about my Ears.

Free. A fine Reason. [*Aside*] However, you propos'd *Harcourt* to her.

Sir

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Sir Hum.

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Sir Hum.

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Sir Hum. No, for finding she was resolv'd on t'other, I thought 'twas better let alone.

Free. Is it possible, *Sir Humphrey*, a Man can be so irresolute as to give his Wife such an absolute Power over him, and be afraid to contradict whatever she's set on?

Sir Hum. You speak of it with a great deal of Ease, *Mr. Freelove*; but you don't know what a Fury she is when she once gets into the Humour. She makes a great Stir about Philosophy, but she is never the less passionate for it; and if she's cross'd never so little in any of her Whims, a horrible Tempest ensues for a Fortnight at least. Whenever she begins her Noise, I know not where to hide me, she's such a Dragon; and yet notwithstanding all this, I'm forc'd to call her my *Heart* and my *Life*.

Free. Her Power, *Sir Humphrey*, is founded upon nothing but your Weakness. Can't you for once resolve to shew your self a Man, and be so bold as to say — I will have it so. Will you let your Daughter be sacrific'd to her Whims, and give all your Wealth to a ridiculous Ninny, for six Lines of other People's Poetry scurvily repeated?

Sir Hum. What you say, is true, *Mr. Freelove*; and I'm resolv'd for the future to pluck up Courage.

Free. That's well said.

Sir Hum. 'Tis a shameful Thing to be under a Wife's Command.

Free. Right.

Sir Hum. She has play'd upon my easy Temper.

Free. True.

Sir Hum. Led me by the Nose like an Ass.

Free. She has so.

Sir Hum. But I'll presently make her know that my Daughter's my Daughter; and that I am her Master, and will give her to whom I please.

Free. Ay, now you talk something like.

Sir Hum. Come along with me, *Mr. Freelove*, and you shall be Witness of my Resolution. I have born it too long, but will now shew my self a Man in spite of

of all the Wives in Christendom. But come, we'll go in, and take a Bumper or two first, that we may stand it out the stouter.

Free. With all my Heart, *Sir Humphrey* ; 'tis providently thought of.

Sir Hum. Ay, Sir, and then you shall see what I am. You shall judge who wears the Breeches here. [*Exeunt.*
Sir Positive Bubble and Dorinda.

Sir Pos. Never sure was poor Rascal so Thunder-struck as this *Valentine*, when I return'd him his Letter unopen'd. He now despairs of all Hope, and has quite drawn off ; but he conjur'd me to tell you, that his Love for you was the most pure and honourable ; that his utmost Ambition was to have made you his Wife, and by that Means, Mistress both of his Inclinations and Fortune ; and that nothing could have put an End to his Addresses, but the just Regard he has for my superior Merit.

Dorin. [*Aside*] I am glad I'm not deceiv'd in him. His Looks always told me the Innocence of his Passion.

Sir Pos. At the same Time he bid me assure you, that he should still love you to his latest Gasps, poor Puppy ! and that if you can think of any Method by which he can more effectually prove it, if you'll but make him acquainted with it, he'll not be slack in the Execution.

Dor. [*Aside*] Very well, I know my Messenger then.

Sir Pos. These are his very Words ; and truly Chuck, I'm so far from blaming him, that I heartily pity his Misfortune.

Dorin. I'm sorry, *Sir Positive*, you should pity a Man that I so much abhor, for if you had that Love for me you pretend, you'd be sensible of the Affront I have receiv'd from his Addresses.

Sir Pos. But Sweetheart, he did not know your Inclinations before I told him ; and the Honesty of his Intentions ———

Dorin. Is the endeavouring then to run away with People, such an honest Intention ? Is it the Part of a Man of Honour to lay a Plot for carrying me off,

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Sir *Pos.* How!

Dorin. Yes, indeed, the insolent Creature talks of obtaining me by Force, I hear; and I can't imagine for my Part, by what secret Practices he came to the Knowledge of our being to be marry'd so soon, since I knew nothing of it my self, till yesterday you told me so. But 'tis certain, he's acquainted with it, and vows to prevent it.

Sir *Pos.* Vows, a Fool! lack-a-day, what do his Vows signify?

Dorin. For Shame! your Mildness encourages his Folly. If you had talk'd roundly to him, he would have fear'd your Rage, as much as my Resentment; for 'tis since my returning his Letter, that he has form'd this Design, and as far as I can preceive, he presumes, truly, that I have no manner of Aversion to him, and that whatever the World thinks, I should look on it as no hard Bargain to exchange you for him.

Sir *Pos.* Oh Fool! Fool! no hard Bargain, quotha—— a flimsy-back'd, spindle-shank'd, feather-brain'd Son of a fine Lady!

Dorin. Alas! Sir *Positive*, he imposes upon you with his specious Affirmations. I'm very unhappy, I'm sure, that after all the Care I take to live with Honour and Reputation, I must still be expos'd to the Mortification of his infamous Attempts against me.

Sir *Pos.* [*Aside.*] What a virtuous Creature am I bless'd with!

Dorin. For my part, I declare, unless you exert your self against him, and find some way to rid me of his continual Persecution, I'll give up every thing, and no longer endure these repeated Affronts.

Sir *Pos.* Dear Chuck, don't be so much concern'd, fear nothing, nor regard nothing. I am your Champion, and no Harm shall befall thee.

Dorin. Oh! nay, Sir, if you don't regard it, I've no more to say. I beg your Pardon for giving you all this Trouble. He's a very honest Man, and means no Harm

58 *The MAN of TASTE; Or,*

Harm. I begin to have a better Opinion of him my self.

Sir Pos. No, no, I don't say that, I don't say that. He's a rash, hot-headed, rascally Scoundrel, and I'll go find him out, and sing him such a Tune.——

Dorin. That's a good Guardee; do then, this Moment, and be sure you rattle him off. Tell him, that 'tis in vain to deny his Intentions; that I was inform'd from very good Hands, of his Design to watch our House from this very Day, and to take the first Opportunity of carrying me off by Force. But that after this Notice, I defy him to surprize me, and unless he would bring some Misfortune on himself, he must take care not to be told things twice over.

Sir Pos. I'll be sure to be punctual, and tell him all.

Dorin. But do it in a Tone that may convince him it comes from my Heart.

Sir Pos. That I will, verily, my Life.

Dorin. And pray, *Sir Positive*, make all the haste you can; I'll go into my Closet in the mean time, and meditate on those excellent Instructions you gave me to Day, I shall be impatient 'till you return. I languish if you are out of my sight a single Moment. [Exit.]

Sir Pos. Go, go, go you dear, charming, lovely——od's my Heart, I don't know what Name sweet enough to give thee. Ay, this is as Women ought to be, and not like your Coquets, and prancing sluts that think the more Fellows they have at their Heels, the better. Ah! these are sad Times for poor Husbands, and Virtue is precious, very precious! But what do I stand here for? she may justly blame me for being so dilatory in an Affair that gives her so much Concern, and on my Account too: [Exit.]

SCENE *Changes to Sir Humphry Henpeck's House.*

Enter Lady Henpeck, Maria, Dorothea, and Martin.

La. Hen. I must confess, my Lord, I was prejudiced

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ced in your Favour from the first Moment I saw you, and I must own I have a superlative Desire to contract some Alliances with Families of Quality, in order to ennoble the Blood of the *Henpecks*.

Mar. Gad, Madam, your Ladyship judges most divinely right. Who of any Spirit or Soul in the Universe would marry their Daughter to a sneaking hide-bound Cit, whose only Pride is, that he has got what he has, and therefore lives within Bounds, as they term it? Who expects a Wife should be a mere Drudge, and think of nothing but her Family and Children?

Maria. } Fogh!
Doro. }

Mar. Now a Woman that marries one of us, is quite another thing; and therefore your wealthy Citizens are very much in the right to dispose of their Daughters at this End of the Town. Here we know how to make a Gentleman-like use of their Fortunes; and treat them as they deserve to be treated.

La. Hen. 'Tis a great Abuse to us, my Lord, to make the Extent of our Understanding reach no farther than to judge of the Air of a Petticoat, or the Pattern of a Brocade.

Maria. But we are resolv'd to rise higher, my Lord, and set our Wits at Liberty.

Doro. And shew the World that our Sex is as much superior within as it is without.

Mar. Madam, I adore the Brightness of some Ladies Intellectuals, if possible, more than the Splendor of their Eyes.

La. Hen. The first Opportunity, I have, my Lord, I'll lay before you a Treatise, I've written my self, as a Plan for erecting a female Academy; a Project which *Plato* foolishly gave over, when he wrote his Treatise of *Republicks*—— But now, my Lord, as your Proposals are so very honourable, I'll immediately send for a Lawyer to draw up the Writings; for Sir *Humphrey* has some foolish Whims, I know not what, about some other Match, but that stands for nothing. However, the more Dispatch the better, and so, my Lord, your most devoted humble Servant. [*Exit Maria.*]

60 *The MAN of TASTE ; Or,*

Mar. Madam, I am eternally yours——What an extream Happinefs is it to me, to stand so fair in the good Graces of so discerning a Lady !

Maria. And now, my Lord, what think you of sacrificing an Hour or two to a Party at *Ombre* ?

Mar. [*Aside.*] The Duce of *Ombre* can I play——Why truly, Madam, I think the Moments too precious, at present, to be sacrific'd to any Deity but he that rules in those Eyes.

Maria. Flattering Creature !

Mar. Besides, Madam, I never play at Cards when I know what to do with my self else.

Doro. Not play at Cards, my Lord !

Mar. No, Madam——never but o' *Sundays*,

Maria. *Sundays* !

Mar. Yes, *Sunday* is a kind of a queer Day, you know——no Plays, nor Masquerades, nor Operas——in short, nothing good stirring——which, by the bye, is a horrid Shame in a Christian Country, tho' ; and so then I go to my Lady *Vermillion's* Assembly.

Doro. Ay, my Dear, at this End of the Town, you see, they employ every Day as they ought to do. Now in the City they think of nothing but going to Church of a *Sunday*.

Mar. Um——that's mighty odd, I'gad——'Tis for want of a better Education——But I knew a rich old Citizen now, that always set that Day apart, for settling all the Accounts of the former Week in.

Doro. Why don't you remember, my Dear, that thy Father us'd to lock himself up in his *Counting-House* that Day, and made us believe he was at his Devotions ?

Mar. I'gad, very likely, Madam——for I suppose Gold was his God.

Maria. Ha, ha, ha ! —— Well, my Dear, we shall now know how to spend our *Sundays* better for the Future.

Doro. We shall come by degrees to live as we should do.

Maria. I hope we shall, my Dear —— And I have made one good Step towards it this very Morning ; for I have

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The GUARDIANS. 61

I have given positive Orders that if any Tradesmen come with their Bills, they should wait at least six Hours before they had their Answer. Don't you make the impertinent Blockheads wait, my Lord?

Mar. No, Madam, they never wait upon that score at my House——Because they know it would be to no purpose if they did——you must know, Madam, I have two sorts of Debts, which I pay two very different Ways——My Debts of Honour I pay with my ready Money; and my Tradesmen's Debts, I pay with my——Honour.

Maria. } Ha, ha, ha!
Doro. }

Mar. Lack-a-day, Madam, what would a Title be good for, if it did not excuse People from doing Things beneath their Quality?

Maria. To be sure, my Lord——you ought to have some honourable Distinctions attending it,

Enter Footman.

Foot. Madam, there's a Gentleman below, come to wait on you.

Maria. Who is it, prithee?

Foot. Colonel Cockade, Madam.

Mar. Colonel Cockade?

Maria. So he says; do you know him, my Lord?

Mar. Know him, Madam! why he's my Intimate, my Particular, my very Shield and Buckler.

Maria. Desire him quickly to walk up.

Mar. We han't seen one another this Age, and I'm quite transported with the thoughts of shaking Hands once more with my old fellow Warrior——Oh here he comes.

Enter Reynard.

Mar. My dear Colonel!

[*running to him and embracing him.*]

Rey. My dear Lord *Apemodé!*

Mar. How glad am I to see thee!

Rey. How rejoic'd am I to meet thee here!

Mar. Dear Rogue, kiss me

Maria. Ay, my Dear, now we begin to be known. The *Beau monde* have found the way to our House at last.

Doro:

62 *The MAN of TASTE; Or,*

Doro. True, my Dear, we saw nothing like this in the City.

Maria. Oh! don't mention the City. Awkward, un-conversable, Buckram Animals!

Mar. Ladies, I beg Leave to introduce this Gentleman to you, and to say in one word for my Friend all that can be said—He's worthy of your Acquaintance—If any one can be so? For you behold in him, one of the greatest Heroes the Age can boast. He's a very brave Man; very brave, indeed.

Rey. You are not inferior, my Lord; we know that you can do something too. We have stood a little Lightning and Thunder together.

Mar. 'Tis true, we have seen each other upon Occasion.

Rey. Ay, and where 'twas very hot too.

Mar. [*Looking at the Ladies.*] But not so hot as 'tis here, my Friend.

Rey. No, we must have been more than Salamanders to have bore it then: My Liver is already scorched up to very Gunpowder.

Mar. Oh, your Servant, Sir.

Rey. War is a fine thing; but, faith, the Court don't recompence Men of Merit, like us, as it ought—I think this Arm was made for a Truncheon.

Mar. And I think I could wear a Cockade with as good an Air, and make as decent a Figure in Regimentals, as the best Commander in *Europe*: And let me tell you, that's all in all — at a *Review* — But the highest Merit is now-a-days overlook'd. So I shall e'en hang up my Sword for the future, and engage in no Wars hereafter, but where Beauty is the Prize, and *Venus* the Leader.

Maria. For my part, I have a passionate Regard for Men of the Sword.

Doro. Oh! nothing is so engaging, as the outside of a Soldier, but then I'd have his inside always season'd with Attick Salt and polite Acquirements.

Mar. For my part, Madam, I have taken particular Care about that, and I think I may say without Vanity, that I have had the compleat Education of a Gentleman

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Rey. Ay, versions, no

man. I have Musick, Madam, at my Fingers Ends; can cut a Caper as high as *Poitier* himself; toss a Die with as good an Air as any Dutchess in Town; and have fought Goodman *Figg* through all his Weapons.

Maria. I have often thought it it, my Lord, a very great Hardship that we Women may'nt frequent Mr. *Figg's* Amphitheatre, as well as you, Gentlemen.

Mar. Gad, Madam, I'll endeavour to bring it about; for 'tis a glorious Diversion, I assure you, as well as a modish one——But, as I was telling you, Madam—as soon as I had furnish'd my self with these polite Accomplishments, I resolv'd to crown all with a Smattering of Philosophy; and for that Purpose am now, *Fellow of the Royal Society*.

Rey. And I am a *Free-Mason*, Ladies, which is the same thing you know: But still the Wars, the Wars for me. Don't you remember, my Lord, that Half-Moon we gain'd last Campaign, at the Siege of *Grenona*?

Mar. You forget, you forget, my Dear; What do you talk of a Half-Moon; 'twas a whole Moon, I'gad.

Rey. True, true, it was a whole Moon, a whole Moon, indeed; you took one Half and I t'other; that made a whole Moon indeed, my Lord.

Mar. Ay, faith, I have Reason enough to remember it; for I carry some honourable Marks of it about me: But come, Ladies, what say you of making a Party for the *French* Players? There's a charming Piece perform'd there to Night.

Rey. Where our unpolish'd Beef-and-Pudding *English* Clowns are so roasted!

Maria. I have neglected my *French* so shamefully of late, I shouldn't understand 'em enough to find out the Sense of the Play.

Mar. Well, that's pure!

Mar. Besides, 'tis being ten times more polite, Madam——'tis quite out of Fashion to go to any thing one understands.

Rey. Ay, Madam, 'tis the Beauty of all polite Diversions, not to put People upon the Drugery of thinking

64 *The MAN of TASTE; Or,*

ing. The Eye and the Ear are enough to be employ'd
— enough in Conscience.

Mar. And let me tell you, Ladies, we that are at the head of these Things, are negotiating an Affair that will raise our Diversions to a much nobler Pitch— In short, we are in treaty with all the Princes of *Europe*, to furnish us with Performers of every Country— in twenty unknown Languages at least; so that we shall have Performers of every Nation, in *Europe* — but our own.

Rey. And all this too, Ladies, at the most trifling Expence imaginable, — as we have contriv'd it.

Mar. Not above Fifty Thousand a Year at most — and what's that to a wealthy trading Nation, you know?

Maria. A mere Trifle — I'll subscribe a hundred a Year my self — hark'e, *Lisetta* — tell Mr. *Snip* the Mercer, that he must stay another Twelvemonth, at least, for his Money.

Doro. Ay, let a hundred of those Creatures starve, rather than abate a Foreigner One Shilling of his Demand.

Mar. Well, Ladies, if you are not for regaling on *Francisque*, what think you of a Taste of *Faronelli* to Night?

Doro. Oh! That charming Creature *Faronelli*!

Maria. Oh, Ravishing! Transporting! Killing!

Doro. Admiration it self can't express it.

Maria. Dying is too little. He does more than kill one — But my dear Lord, how barbarously dy'e think I was treated last time I was to hear him?

Mar. Troth, Madam, I can't tell: squeeze'd to a Jelly I suppose.

Maria. Oh, worse than that.

Mar. Worse than that! lost your Watch or Snuff-Box, perhaps,

Maria. Worse, much worse!

Mar. How! gad, I can't guess then:

Maria. Why, I had a great fat She-Creature sat next me, that had got the Pry sick, and wheesed so hideously all the time, that I could not hear a single *Piano*?

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Mar. Oh, the Brute! that she must needs breathe, indeed.

Maria. A Citizen! an Alderman's Wife, I'll be sworn! I could have almost wish'd her Husband's Fur-Gown had been ramm'd into her Throat.

Rey. Ha, ha, ha! But come Ladies, shall we attend you there?

Maria. We can't possibly stir out this Evening, Sir.

Mar. Let us have Musick here then, and divert ourselves with a Dance.

Rey. Well thought of, my Lord!

Maria. That we consent to.

Doro. But then we must make an Addition to our Company.

Mar. My Servant shall fly to every Corner of the Town. So ho, *Rapieré, Picard, Chovette, Tournay Dé-laroune.* The Duce take all these negligent Rascals, where are they wander'd to? I don't think there's a Nobleman in *England* so ill serv'd as I am; and yet I have not an *English* Slave about me, except my Postilion, whose Name I never yet heard.

Maria. *Almanzor*, tell my Lord's Servants to go and fetch us Musick, and bring some of our Neighbours here to People the Ball.

Maria. But come Gentlemen; we'll remove into a more expanded Apartment, and meet our Company there.

Mar. Wherever you lead, Ladies, we shall follow involuntarily.

Enter Sir Humphrey and Freeloze.

Sir Hum. I'll warrant, we'll manage her now, Old Boy. Ods me, this Burgundy has set me upon the Roaps so, that I could encounter a Den of Lions.

Free. Well resolv'd, *Sir Humphrey*; but take care my Lady does not get the better of you a Second Time.

Sir Hum. Do you take me for an Oaf, Mr. *Freeloze*.

Free. No, *Sir Humphrey*, but ———

Sir Hum. Am I so weak, as to be led by the Nose by a Wife?

Free. Oh, by no Means.

Sir Hum. Am I not old enough to be Master in my own House?

Free. Certainly, but ———

I

Sir Hum.

Sir Hum. Am not I Lord Paramount here? and shan't I dispose of my own Daughter, as I think meet? Shall a Wife pretend to contradict my Humour?

Free. No, to be sure. O here she comes.

Sir Hum. Ods-heart, so she does ——— stand by me be sure, Mr. *Freelove*.

Free. Never fear Man. Play but your Part well, and you shall not want Encouragement.

Enter Lady Henpeck.

La. Hen. Oh, *Sir Humphrey*, I'm glad you are at home, that you may join in this Marriage Contract, which Mr. *Quibus* is to come to draw up between my Daughter and Lord *Apemode*.

Sir Hum. Yes, Wife; but as I think I told you before, I have fix'd on *Harcourt*, for her Husband.

La. Hen. What! do you oppose my Will then?

Sir Hum. I oppose the bestowing the whole Wealth of my Family, for which I have been drudging these Forty Years, on a Jack-a-napes of Quality, that will squander it away in as many Weeks, upon Whores, Rooks, and running Horses.

Free. Well judg'd, *Sir Humphrey*.

La. Hen. Truly your Riches are mightily fought after ——— But what do I stand contesting! I have concluded the Thing, and that's sufficient.

Sir Hum. Why you speak very absolutely, Wife. But in my Opinion, the Hen ought not to crow thus before the Cock.

Free. Right, right, stand up for the Privilege of the Breeches.

La. Hen. Very well! then I'm to be reckon'd only as a mere Cypher, it seems, notwithstanding all the Learning I have with so much Labour acquir'd.

Sir Hum. Learning, Wife, often makes People very great Fools.

La. Hen. Oh Paradox! now I thought; wife Sir, that Ignorance, not Learning made People Fools.

Sir Hum. You thought wrong, my Lady. A learn'd Fool is much more foolish, than an ignorant Fool.

Free. Right, *Sir Humphrey*; Folly in the one appears perfectly pure; but Study in the other adds to Nature.

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La. Hen. Sure, Sir, Ignorance is very charming to you, since you are so warm in it's defence —

Free. In Truth, Madam, I have no great relish for your Female Doctors. I would not have a Woman Ignorant in any thing that's suitable to her Character; but then I had rather have 'em sometimes seem so, than make such unseasonable boasts of their Knowledge. Your bombast Haranguers, learned Disputers, and your pedantick Author-Quoters upon all Occasions, are the most absurd, impertinent Animals upon Earth.

Sir Hum. [*Aside.*] Odsso, that's stoutly said: At her again, good Mr. *Freelove*; take her down t'other Peg, be sure.

Free. And I must farther tell you, Madam, as I am always Sincere upon these Occasions, that this Vanity in People whose Fortunes are the Fruit of Industry, of marrying their Daughters into great Families is altogether as preposterous a Folly as the other, and always attended with great Inconveniencies.

La. Hen. My Daughter, Sir, has Wealth enough already, and therefore I want to enoble and purify her Blood by a Match of Distinction.

Sir Hum. The Blood may be enobled, belike, by your great Marriages, but I believe, Wife, 'tis sometimes never the purer.

Free. Right Sir *Humphrey*. Your Grand-children, indeed, would be dignify'd by it. But your Daughter must expect nothing but Misery and Contempt.

Sir Hum. Ay, ay, I'll not have a Man for my Daughter, that shall be able to reproach her with her Parents being Citizens; nor shall she have Children, who'd be above calling me Grandfather. No, give me one, who shall be beholden to me for my Daughter, and to whom I can say — Sit you there, Son-in-Law, whilst I take the Elbow-Chair to my self.

La. Hen. Very noble, exalted Sentiments truly — But this is nothing to the purpose, Sir *Humphrey*.

Sir Hum. No more it isn't, my Lady; and therefore Mr. *Freelove*, if you'll step and bring your Friend, *Harcourt*, hither — we'll do something that shall be more to the purpose.

Free.

Free. That I will, Sir *Humphrey*. and be with you again instantly ; [*Aside to Sir Humphrey.*] be sure you keep her under, now you have got her there. [*Exit.*]

La. Hen. [*Making up to Sir Humphrey*] Why, Sir, dy'e think to gain your Point by such Methods as these are? Am I a Chicken, a tame Pidgeon, a jointed Doll, to be treated in this Manner?

Sir Hum. [*Retreating.*] I tell you, Wife——

La. Hen. And I tell you, Husband, that you are mistaken in the Person you have to deal with, and I'll make you know so—— I will—— I will.

Sir Hum. Well, well ——

La. Hen. Is it for you to prescribe? is it for you to direct me what to do with my Daughter? Me who sprung from an ancient Family, receiv'd such an extraordinary Education, and have made such an extraordinary use of it; shall you, I say ——

Sir Hum. Enough, enough, my Lady ——

La. Hen. Shall you, I say ——

Sir Hum. I say no more, I say no more, Love.

La. Hen. 'Tis fit you should not, Sir; and to prevent any future Disputes on this Head, 'tis my will that the Contract be drawn immediately. I have said it; make no Reply. However, if you are any way engag'd to *Harcourt*, I'll give you Leave to marry your Neice to him.

Sir Hum. Oh, very well, very well; that will do as well. I'll follow Mr. *Freelove*, and inform him of it. [*Aside.*] S'bud, I'm glad we came to an Accommodation when we did, for I could have stood it no longer.

[*Exit Sir Humphrey.*]

La. Hen. I'll now to the Parties concern'd, and have the Writings finish'd directly. [*Exit.*]

SCENE changes to a Room in Sir Positive Bubble's House.

Dorinda sitting at a Table with a Book in her Hand.

Dorin. [*Throwing aside the Book.*] I would willingly have beguil'd these tedious Moments with Reading, but
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alas! my Head is too much busied with its own Thoughts! to attend to other People's. How does my Heart fluctuate in a perplexing Suspence betwixt Hope and Fear! Sure 'tis a cruel Dilemma that I'm brought to, either to commit a Violence on the Decency which is due to my Sex, or else to give up my self to irretrievable Misery. And yet I almost wish, that I had not acted as I have: But the Die's cast, and I must stand its decision.

Enter Sir Positive and Valentine.

Dorin. [*Seeing Valentine starts.*] Hah! what d'ye mean Sir *Positive*? What do you bring him to me your self? Do you espouse his Interest against me? And will you oblige me to undergo his persecuting Addresses?

Sir Pos. No, my dearest Heart, no, no, your Quiet is too dear to me to do so: But he looks on my Messages, forsooth, as airy Tales, and believes 'tis I, not you, that are the Author of 'em. Therefore I have e'en brought him hither, that you may once for all cure him of his Mistake.

Dorin. What, Sir, don't you think I have explain'd my self sufficiently, and can you yet doubt of the Choice I have made?

Val. Yes, Madam, I must confess I had some doubt upon me, and that supream Sentence, which decides the fate of my Love, is of such consequence to my Happiness, that I'm excusable in desiring a Repetition of it.

Dorin. Why then, Sir, I must declare, that he told you my real Sentiments, and I think 'em founded on too much Equity to be disputed. Here are two Persons before me, one of whom has all my Approbation and Esteem, and the other for his barbarous Treatment of me all my Contempt and Aversion. Let him, therefore, in whose Favour I have made this Declaration, deliver me immediately from the dread of being forc'd by the other; a Punishment, to me, worse than Slavery or Death.

Sir Pos. Yes, my Sweetest, I'll deliver thee, I will, I will; I'll satisfy all thy Expectations. I'll do whatever thou can'st desire.

Dorin. I know it does not become either my Sex or Age, to make so free a Declaration; but —

Sir Pos.

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Sir Pos. Oh, no Matter, no Matter; you can't make too free with me, Love.

Dorin. But as there has been plain Marks of Honour in all his Actions and Behaviour, I hope he will soon give me some Testimony of his Affection, and—

Sir Pos. Yes, yes, I will. Come, kiss my Hand then——kiss my Hand, Chuck; and let that be a Testimony.

Dorin. And let him thus receive the Promise I give him, to be never any other Man's.

[Pretends to embrace Sir Positive, and gives her Hand to Valentine behind his Back, who kisses it in Raptures, and then puts a Letter in it.]

Sir Pos. Poor Dearee, you shan't languish for me long I promise thee, Jewel —— that's enough, Chuck. Now, Sir, I hope you'll believe that what I said was true. You see what a strange Affection she has for me.

Val. 'Tis true, Sir; and for you, Madam, you have explain'd your self sufficiently, and I shall not fail very speedily to remove from your Eyes the Presence of him you so much detest.

Dorin. You cannot do me a greater piece of Service, Sir; for in short, it becomes intolerable and odious to me, and my Abhorrence is so great, that ——

Sir Pos. Hold, hold, Sweeting.

Dorin. I hope, Sir, you are not offended with my speaking in this Manner. Perhaps you are willing——

Sir Pos. No, no, I don't say that. But to tell you the Truth, I can't help pitying the Condition he is in. You shew your Aversion a little too violently, Love.

Dorin. That's impossible, Sir, upon such an Occasion.

Val. As your Ease and Satisfaction, Madam, is much dearer to me than all the Enjoyments of Life, you may depend that, whithin these Three Days your Eyes shall never again be tortur'd with this odious Object.

Dorin. With all my Soul —— farewell.

Val. Farewel.

Sir Pos. Um —— Look'e Mr. *Valentine*, I pity your Misfortune; but you see how positive she is. I should be glad, If I could bring her to use you with a little
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The GUARDIANS. 55

more Civility ; but I doubt I can't, she is so furiously enraged with you.

Val. You shall never hear me complain, Sir ; the Lady certainly does herself Justice, and I shall therefore endeavour to make my self as easy as possible — Farewel. [*Exit.*

Sir Pos. Poor young Fellow ! how excessive his Grief is — in Troth, I think he's mightily to be pitied.

Dorin. Pitied ! not at all.

Sir Pos. Your Affection touches me to the last degree, Love. Six Days are too long to stay, considering your Impatience. I'm therefore determin'd to marry you To-morrow.

Dorin. How ! what d'ye say, Sir *Positive* ? To-morrow !

Sir Pos. Ay, To-morrow at farthest.

Dorin. But ———

Sir Pos. Come, come, 'tis only Modesty makes you pretend this Reluctance ; but I know what Joy my saying so gives you, and you wish 'twas already done ; dostn't thee now, Honey ——— Ay you Rogue you, you shall be mine from Head to Foot To-morrow, and I'll do with thee what I please, I will, pretty Face. Yes, I'll be Master of thee all ; of those little sparkling Eyes, that little knavish Nose, those sweet Lips, that pretty Chin, soft Bosom, and that, that, that, ——— In short, your whole sweet Person, Jewel ——— and I'll kiss thee and caress thee as much as I please.

Dorin. Ay but To-morrow ———

Sir Pos. Lack, lack, how the Thoughts of it revive me, and what Pleasure it will be to me, to see my self reviv'd into other young *Bubbles* ; little Poppets, that will be as like me as two drops of Water, who will be always sporting about the House, and talking so foolishly to me, that 'twill be the wittiest, prettiest thing in all the World. Methinks I see half a dozen of 'em about me already.

Dorin. But not To-morrow, dear Sir *Positive*.

Sir Pos. I would not defer it another Day for a Million of Money.

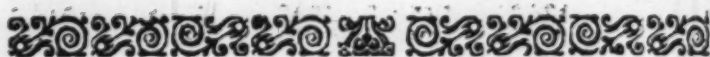
Dorin.

Dorin. Good Heavens assist! — what shall I do now!

Sir Pos. Come along, come with me, come with me;
Ah, I'll kiss thee, and press thee; I will, I will.

How happy a Rogue am I! my Luck how rare,
Blest with so virtuous and so kind a Fair!

(*Exeunt.*)



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE a Street.

Dorinda alone.

Dorin. **H** Ark, is not that he? no — Well, I have but
this last Instant to determine; shall I go
fearless on, and commit my Fortune to his Fidelity or
not? Yes, Death it self seems infinitely less terrible to
me than the fatal Sacrifice I am doom'd to To-morrow.
Let me once more read the Letter, which he put into
my Hand at our Interview to-day. (reads.

Madam,

I N return to your transporting Letter, I have but a sin-
gle Moment to say, that if you'll contrive to be at your
own Door in the dusk of the Evening, and have a good Op-
inion enough of me, to trust your self in my Hands, I'll de-
liver you from all your terrible Apprehensions, and by an im-
mediate Marriage, convince you that all the Pride of my
Heart, and Desire of my Soul, is to preserve your Honour,
and add to your Satisfaction.

Yours, entirely and eternally, Valentine.

Generous and kind! But Time and Fortune — press
'tis now dusk, and this the Place. Oh! I here some-
body coming, it must be he.

Enter Sir Positive.

Sir Pos. Well, I think now, I have order'd every
thing —

Dorin. Oh, Heavens!

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Sir Pos. Who's this? hey-day, what you, Duck? why whither art thee going so late, Lovee? you told me when I left you, that you'd go and lock your self up in your Chamber, and wouldn't be disturb'd, till to Morrow Morning.

Dorin. 'Tis true, but——

Sir Pos. How! What can this mean?

Dorin. In short, Sir, the Secret will surprize you — 'twas on my Sister's Account, that I was going abroad, who has desir'd the Use of my Chamber this Evening, on a Design for which I have very much blam'd her.

Sir Pos. How! Design! what Design?

Dorin. Could one have believ'd it! she is in love, it seems, Guardee, with this *Valentine*, that has plagu'd us so much of late.

Sir Pos. In love with *Valentine*!

Dorin. Desperately! She just now came here alone to discover it to me, and to assure me, that it would absolutely be her Death, if she did not obtain her Desire. That their 'Amour had secretly been carried on for above a Twelvemonth, and that they were solemnly engag'd, and contracted to one another.

Sir Pos. A fine Baggage she, and a very pretty Rascal he —— well, but what then?

Dorin. That having heard of the Despair, I had thrown him into, and that he was resolv'd to forsake the Town upon it, she came to beg of me to leave her alone in my Chamber, intending this Evening to talk to him from the Window in my Voice; and under my Name, to give him some Encouragement which might keep him here. In short, to turn the Love he has for me to her own Advantage.

Sir Pos. Ay, but Jewel, d'ye think that? ——

Dorin. Oh! I was downright raving about it. What, says I, Sister, are you out of your Wits? to be in love with such a loose extravagant Fellow, to forget your Sex, and deceive the Hope of Mr. *Freelove*, who lives but for you!

Sir Pos. Nay, for that Matter, I don't pity my Brother; he well deserves it, and I am very glad on't.

K

Dorin.

74 *The MAN of TASTE; Or,*

Dorin. In short, I us'd a thousand Arguments to deter her from her Intention, but she shed so many Tears, fetch'd so many Sighs, and so often told me, that I should drive her to despair, if I deny'd to gratify her Passion, that at last my Heart was conquer'd. But, to give better Countenance to this Intrigue, I was going to lie with our Neighbour *Lucretia*, whose Virtues you daily praise so much——But, you surpriz'd me, dear Guardee, by your sudden coming upon me so.

Sir Pos. No, no, I'll have none of these Jugglings at my House. They may be seen, or heard by some Body in the Street, and she whom I honour with my Person, should not only be virtuous, but even unsuspected; —— come along with me, and let us send the shameless Quean a packing.

Dorin. Oh, for Goodness Sake! no, dear *Sir Positiva*, don't do that; 'twill put her into a great Confusion; and she may justly complain how little Secresy I am Mistress of. Since I must not countenance her Design, let me send her away, at least by my self.

Sir Pos. Well, well then, do so, do so.

Dorin. But, I must make you promise me, that you'll say nothing to her.

Sir Pos. I won't, I won't.

Dorin. Then, turn your Face this Way, [*turning him with his Face to the Front of the Stage.*] Be sure, don't stir now, but let her pass without observing her; you shall hear how I'll rattle her.

Sir Pos. Yes, I'll restrain my Passion upon thy Account, Jewel; but as soon as she's gone, I'll to my Brother. I shall be glad to give him this pretty Account.

Dorin. I entreat you, then, not to name me in the Affair. Good Night, dear Guardee, — I'll go lock my self up as soon as I have sent her away.

Sir Pos. Ay, till to Morrow, Love, only till to Morrow. [*Exit Dorinda.*] How impatient am I to see my Dunce of a Brother, and tell him this Thing! The good Man is sweetly chous'd, with all his Wisdom. This is seeing the End of it, forsooth. Ods me, I would

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The GUARDIANS. 75

would not take an Hundred Pound in Exchange for this Discovery.

[Dorinda at the Door, as speaking to her Sister.

Dorin. Yes, Sister, I am sorry to incur your Displeasure, but 'tis impossible for me to consent to this rash Undertaking. My own Honour, as well as my dear Guardian's Satisfaction, is too precious to me to let it run such a Risque. Farewel, go home, and reflect on the Indiscretion of this Enterprize, and think no more of the base Wretch that was the Occasion of it.

[Dorinda throwing a Veil over her self, crosses the Stage softly, as in the Dark.

Sir Pos. Well said, she nettles her off, addad — Ah! there she goes; I'll lock the Door for fear she should return again. [Enter Valentine, as in the Dark.

Val. This is the Hour, and near the Place. Who's there?

Dorin. Hift, Valentine, make no Noise, I am Dorinda. [Speaking in a feigned Voice.

Sir Pos. [Aside] Oh lying Baggage, you Dorinda! no, she follows the Laws of Honour, which you forsake; and you falsely assume both her Name and her Voice.

Dorin. But, unless honourable Marriage be your Intention, Valentine, I'll stir no farther.

Val. That is the only Purpose of my Soul; and I here swear by every thing that's sacred, and dear to me, that early in the Morning, the Ceremony shall be perform'd; in the mean time, my Sister waits within to receive you.

Sir Pos. Ha, ha, ha, poor cheated Fool!

Val. Come in, then, and throw off all Diffidence, my Charmer; and now I defy the Power of thy deluded Tyrant to rob me of thee again. [Exeunt.

Sir Pos. Oh, I'll assure you, Mr. Shatterbrains, I have no manner of Inclination to rob you of her. I'm not in the least concern'd at the Engagement, and I shall force you to be her Husband now, whether you like it or not, Sir. The Memory of her Father, as well as the Interest I have in her Sister, my dear Dorinda,

76 *The MAN of TASTE ; Or,*

da, requires at least, that I make him preserve her Honour by Marriage.

Enter a Justice of the Peace, with Constables and Lights.
Odsó, this is lucky. Here's Mr. *Justice What-de-Call-*
'um going his Rounds——Mr. *Justice*, your Servant,
I'm glad, I have met with you, for I have some Em-
ployment for you here.

Justice. We are upon Business, already, Sir. In full
Business, Sir.

Sir Pos. But, mine's Business of Consequence, and
Haste too; and therefore, pray follow me with your
Lights.

Justice. But what is it, Sir?

Sir Pos. To go to that Corner House there, and secure
a Girl of ours, whom one *Valentine* has seduc'd, and go
into his House, under a Promise of Marriage. She's of
a Family both noble and virtuous.

Justice. But this, Sir, is beyond the Power of my
Office. However, as I love to be employ'd in things
of this Kind, I'll go in, and try what Persuasion will do.

Sir Pos. Sir you'll infinitely oblige me, and I'll make
you any Returns; but don't suffer your self to be greas'd
in the Fist, now.

Justice. How, Sir! d'ye suspect an Officer of Justice?
a Gentlemen in Commission for the City and Liberty
of *Westminster*?

Sir Pos. I beg Pardon, Mr. *Westminster Justice*, for
such a Mistrust. I did not think of that. Therefore
while you are doing your Endeavours with him, I'll
go and fetch my Brother hither. I'll go tell the glad
Tidings to this Pleader for Liberty. Oh, 'tis a blessed
Dupe! [Exeunt.

SCENE, a Room in Sir Humphrey
Henpeck's House.

Enter Maria, Dorothea, Martin, Reynard, Angelica,
and other Ladies, with Musick, &c.

Maria. Ladies, you are welcome. We beg your
Pardon, my Dear. These Gentlemen had a Mind to
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give us a Dance, this Evening, which oblig'd us to send for you in so abrupt a Manner, to fill up the Vacuums of our Assembly.

Mar. This is a Ball, Ladies, made *extempore*. We hope to have the Pleasure of giving you a more formal one soon.

Maria. Dear *Angelica*, this is being kind, indeed.

Ang. To my self it is, Madam, to enjoy so much good Company.

Maria. Such you always make it, Madam, wherever you come.

Ang. That's unanswerable, Madam.

Rey. Is the Musick come?

Mar. Yes, they are here——Rascals, set your Fiddles in order, whilst I put my Legs in tune.

[*Capering about the Stage, and humming by way of Prelude.*]

Doro. See, see there, how genteely, and properly he dances.

Maria. And what an elegant Shape he has.

Mar. [*taking Maria*] My Freedom, Madam, will soon dance the *Courant*, I find, as well as my Feet.

[*taking her out to dance.*]

Enter Harcourt and Horatio, with Canes in their Hands, Martin and Reynard let go their Partners, and stand in a Posture of Surprise.

Har. Ah, ha, Rascal! have we found you at last!

Hor. And you, Puppy, is this your Trade!

Har. I'll make you dance to some Tune, Mr. *Jack-anapes*. [*Caning Martin.*]

Hor. And I shall teach you a new Jig too, I believe Sir.

Mar. Hold, hold, Sir. 'Slife, you didn't say you'd strike so hard.

Rey. Oh! oh! enough, good Sir, enough, I demand a Parley, and will surrender upon Discretion

Har. It becomes you mightily, Villain, to set up for Quality, indeed.

Hor. This will make you know your self, Scoundrel.

Maria. Bless us, my Lord, what's the Meaning of this?

Mar.

78 *The MAN of TASTE; Or,*

Mar. Gad, Madam, I can't tell. 'Tis a new kind of Dance, you hear 'em say.

Doro. What, suffer your selves to be beaten thus!

Mar. Lard, Madam, I would not seem to feel it, because I am naturally very violent, you must know, and should have been guilty of some horrible Revenge or other.

Key. Oh, Madam, 'tis only in Jest, only in Jest—A Wager, or some such thing, I suppose.

Maria. Gentlemen, what d'ye mean by this Insolence? dare you affront us thus in our own House?

Har. Troth, Madam, I think the Affront is to us. Shall we suffer our Footmen to be better receiv'd than our selves; to court you too, and give you a Ball at our Expence?

Maria. Your Footmen, Sir!

Har. Yes, our Footmen, Madam ——— and 'tis not right in you to debauch 'em thus.

Doro. Oh Heavens, what Insolence is this!

Hor. But they shan't have the Advantage of our Cloaths to allure you, and if you will love 'em, by *Jove* it shall be for their natural Beauty.

Har. Ay, ay ——— come strip quickly Sir, unsafe, unsafe.

Mar. Gad Gentlemen, tho' they are your Cloaths, I think we have the most right to 'em for 'tis plain, we have made a better Figure, and done more in 'em, than you could.

Key. And since Lords take a Pride in turning Footmen, I think 'tis but Humility in Footmen to condescend to turn Lords.

Mar. Yes, Brother *Reynard*; but tho' every Footman can do a Lord's Business, every Lord has not Capacity enough to do a Footman's; and therefore we must e'en betake our selves to our former Employes for the good of our Country.

Key. So, farewell Finery then!

Mar. Ay, there's our Lordship and Colonel-Ship in the Dirt, I gad.

Har. [*To the Servants.*] Here, carry away all these Things. Now, Ladies, in their present Condition you

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are free to continue your Amours with 'em as long as you please : and we both declare we'll not be Jealous.

Hor. No, that you may depend on.

Mar. I burst with Indignation !

Doro. What Confusion is this !

Ang. Brother, I'm astonish'd. For Goodness sake what's the Meaning of all this ?

Har. Come along with us, Sister, and you shall know. My Lord, most noble Colonel, and you most polite, witty and discerning Ladies, your very humble Servant.

[*Bowing low.*

Hor. Your very humble Servant.

[*Exeunt Harcourt, Horatio, Angelica, and the other Ladies laughing.*

Enter Sir Humphrey Henpeck.

Sir Hum. So, you have made rare laughing Stocks of us truly, you Gipsies you. Very fine things we are told of you indeed.

Mar. Ay, Sir ! We have been play'd the most cruel, inhuman, outrageous Trick that ever was suffer'd.

Doro. Oh, I die with the Reflexion.

Sir Hum. You deserve it, you deserve it. 'Tis the effect of your own Foppery and Impertinence, you Sluts you. 'Twas a just Resentment of the Usage you gave 'em, and therefore I must be forc'd to put up the Affront.

Maria. No, I vow to be reveng'd on 'em or die in the Attempt. And you Rascal, dare you stand there with that consummate Impudent Face of yours after this Insolence ?

Mar. Is a Lord to be treated in this manner ? See how the least Disgrace makes one slighted by those that caress'd one before. Come Brother, let us go and seek our Fortune some where else. I see nothing but vain Appearance will do here. Naked Virtue goes unregarded.

Rey. Ay, Brother *Martin*, Virtue without fine Cloaths is like a Book without fine Binding, not fit to appear before People of Quality and Politeness.

Mar. And yet 'tis very hard methinks to quit these expanded Apartments, for a Garret ; and, instead of Musick

Musick and Dancing, to fill up the Vacuums of our time with combing Wigs and brushing Cloaths.

Rey. 'Sblews that's true——Well, we must c'en content our selves with this Reflexion, that Nature design'd us for great Men, but Fortune found Fools more for her purpose.

Our Shoes and Fortunes sure are near ally'd ;
Some limp in strait, some totter in the wide.

Mar. Then turn us Barefoot, and, except the Name

My *Lord* and *Martin* are exact the same. [*Exeunt.*]

Sir Hum. And now, you Baggages, I don't know why I should not send you after 'em. Do you see what your Extravagance and Vanity have brought upon us? Ods Heart, we shall be the Town-talk. Go, and for ever hide your selves, do. What the Duce had I to do on this side *Temple-Bar*? 'Sbud I'll go and Ransack all their Drawers, and burn every Play, Song, Opera, or Verse that comes in my way; destroy all their Washes Paint and Pomatum, 'twist the Parrot's Neck, and kick the Monkey out of Doors; and to Morrow I'll go and get my self unknighthed again, and return to *Thames Street*. There a wealthy honest Citizen meets with some Respect; but S'life when they pretend to come to this End of the Town, they expose themselves as much as if they were to stand in the Pillory at *Charing-Cross*.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Sir Positive Bubble and Freeloze.

Free. Who's there? What you, Brother, abroad so late? this is something marvellous indeed. I hope you have taken care and made all fast at home, lest your pretty Prisoner should make her escape.

Sir Posf. Oh, stupid! stupid! I shall have no Patience with him. Made all fast! Yes, and if you had but taken as much care to make all fast, you would not have been made such a Nincompoop of as you are.

Free. On the old Strain, I see still, Brother. But let us truce with it now, and I'll divert you with a pleasant Accident that has happen'd at our Neighbour's here.

Sir Posf. Ay, Mr. *Director*, Mr. *Superannuated Beau*, and I have a pleasant Story to divert you with too: something

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something pretty that has happen'd at your own House. But as you mind every body's Business more than your own, you shall tell yours first, if you please.

Free. What dy'e mean, Brother?

Sir Pos. Mean Brother! That you are made a Gull of, a Stalking-Horse, Bamboozl'd, Chous'd, Chous'd, Brother.

Free. Which way, Brother.

Sir Pos. Where's your pretty Pupil, *Angelica*, pray?

Free. Why that Question? She's gone to some Ball, I think they told me.

Sir Pos. Oh! Yes, yes, follow me, follow me, you shall see to what Ball the Gentlewoman's gone.

Free. What's all this for?

Sir Pos. You have brought her up mighty well. Distrustful Bolts, Locks and Grates don't make People Virtuous. Youth ought to have more Liberty given 'em. Yes truly, and the cunning Gipsie has taken her Belly-full of it.

Free. This is all a Riddle to me, Brother.

Sir Pos. Then the Meaning of the Riddle is, Brother, that *Angelica's* Ball is with Mr. *Valentine* at that House there, and this very Night I saw her choose him for a Partner,

Free. Who?

Sir Pos. *Angelica*.

Free. Pray ha' done jesting, Brother.

Sir Pos. Jestings dy'e call it! What an Ass it is! Ods-heart, only follow me, you shall presently be satisfy'd. You shall see if I impose on you.

Free. 'Tis impossible, sure, that she could enter into any such Engagement, without letting me know of it; since from her very Infancy I have shewn her such an entire Tenderness and Complaisance, and have always protested against laying any Constraint on her Inclinations.

Sir Pos. Lack-a-day, Brother, your own Senses shall be Witnesses of the Affair. I think it necessary that he should immediately be oblig'd to marry her, unless you think it proper notwithstanding all this to have her your self. Perhaps you have some new Arguments to

place you above Ridicule; and prove that Cuckoldom is a very honourable Badge.

Free. No, Brother, I shall never be so weak to desire the Possession of a Heart against its own Determination.—But after all I can't believe.

Sir Pos. What a talking you make! Come let's go—'tis but next Door.

Enter Valentine, Justice, Constables, &c.

Justice. Here's no occasion for Compulsion, Gentlemen. If you desire nothing of him but to marry her, your Fury may be appeas'd; he has promis'd me to do it to Morrow, and bound himself to it by this Paper, which he has sign'd here.

Free. But the Woman—

Justice. Is lock'd up, and won't appear 'till you have both given consent to the Match.

Val. No, Gentlemen, nor shall she be seen by you again, 'till that Consent is obtain'd. You know who I am, and I have done every thing which I'm by Honour bound to, in signing that Instrument. If it be your Intention to agree to the Match, you must likewise set your Hand for a Confirmation of it.

Sir Pos. Very well, Sir, that's all we want. [*Aside.*] He does not know but 'tis *Dorinda* yet, poor Fool! He'll be sweetly fobb'd.

Free. But is this *Angelica*?

Sir Pos. Be quiet, will you?

Free. But are you sure—

Sir Pos. Hold your Tongue.

Free. But Brother, I must know—

Sir Pos. Will you hold your Peace, I say?

Val. In a word, Gentlemen, there's no occasion for any delay. *Dorinda* and my self are mutually engag'd to one another for Life, and, if I must speak, I see no such great disparity in the Match, that you need make this Disturbance.

Free. Why he says *Dorinda*, Brother.

Sir Pos. Pray Brother hold your Tongue for a Moment, and you shall know the Mystery. I have a Reason for it, as you shall see presently. [*To Val*] Well, Sir, without any more Words then, as the thing is gone so

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so far, we give our Consent to your marrying the Girl.
 ——— She that is now in your House I mean.

Val. 'Tis in those very Terms that the Writing is drawn, and there are Blanks for the Names. Sign this and then the Lady shall appear.

Sir Pos. With all my Heart, ——— here, I'll sign it first, I'll sign it first. [*Signing.*] We shall have rare laughing presently Adad. Come sign, Brother, sign.

Free. But what is this Mystery? He talks of *Dorinda*, and you of *Angelica*.

Sir Pos. No Scruples, but sign, sign; ——— you consent to't, I suppose, let it be which it will.

Free. That I do most certainly.

Sir Pos. So do I ——— then sign immediately.

Free. Be it so. Tho' I understand nothing of the matter. [*Signing.*]

Sir Pos. Oh, you shall understand it presently, much better than you'll care for, I believe. We'll let you in to the Secret, I warrant you. Good lack, how strangely am I transported to think how this mighty Man of Wisdom is bit at last! How sneaking he must look to see his fine Lectures of Liberty and Indulgence to Wives, so unluckily turn'd against himself! Oh, you have done, have you ——— [*Giving the Paper to Valentine.*] Here, Sir, is the Paper sign'd by us both; and we both acknowledge it as our free Deed.

Val. Very well, Sir ——— [*To the Justice.*] You are my Witness, Sir, and therefore step along with me, that the Lady may appear and declare her Assent likewise. ——— We'll be back again in an Instant Gentlemen.

Sir Pos. Very well, Sir, ——— and now, my good Ignoramus of a Brother, come a little farther this way, and I'll discover all the Intrigue to you.

[*Taking Freeloze aside and talking to him.*]

Enter behind, Angelica, Harcourt, Horatio, with Lights:

Omnes Ha, ha, ha!

Ang. Ha, ha, ha! I can't forbear laughing, tho' I am so monstrously provok'd, at you.

Har. Provok'd, Sister!

Ang.

Ang. Yes, 'twas downright Inhuman and Savage.

Hor. Desperate Distempers, Madam, require desperate Remedies; to have been less severe, would have been more cruel in this Case.

Ang. Well, I know what I would do, if I were in their Place?

Har. What's that?

Ang. Why marry you immediately, out of pure Revenge.

Har. That would be an effectual way to be reveng'd, I must confess ——— But who have we here?

Sir Pos. Yes, Sir, I have told you nothing but the Truth, and now you see what a fine *Wisacre* you have been ——— But, Oh! here she comes, and the rest with her.

Free. *Angelica*, I think now I have Reason sufficient to complain of you. You know I have always indulg'd you in every thing that your Heart could wish, and have often declar'd to you, that I would never put the least Restraint upon your Inclinations, of any kind. And after this, to engage your self to another, without making me in the least acquainted with it, and to go off with him in such a clandestine, indecent Manner! Sure 'twas not well done, *Angelica*! This is an Action, which my tender Friendship could never deserve from you.

Ang. I can't guess, Sir, at the Meaning of this Discourse, but I assure you I am as I always was, and that nothing can alter my Esteem for you; and tho' the Buffoon part of the World are pleas'd to rally me upon the Love of an old Man, I here declare from my Soul, that I prize the Zeal of that Man, more than all the glaring Transports of a young Coxcomb.

Free. This is astonishing! Why, Brother, how come you ———

Sir Pos. How! what are you not this Moment come out of *Valentine's* House? did not you go off with him this Evening, disguis'd as your Sister, and did not you ——— But who the Duce have we here?

Enter Valentine, Dorinda, and Justice.

Dorin. Sister, I hope you'll generously pardon the Liberty

Liberty I have nothing but on such a Service than your Love, ther, than n is.

Har. We

Val. As for and Happiness

Free. Con Proceedings of it is, that dy will pity

Ang. I ca ther so fair, the same my

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Sir Pos. [No, I cannot nal Trick q could not h who am in wise Philoso templating t guard againf egregious C

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Sir Pos. A in Woman.

Liberty I have taken with your Character and Name ; nothing but the utmost perplexity could have forc'd me on such a Stratagem. Your Example, I know, condemns such a Passion ; but Fate deals differently with you and me. [*To Sir Pos.*] As for you, Sir, I think there's no need of any Apology, since I rather do you Service than use you ill. I found my self unworthy of your Love, and had rather be in the Possession of another, than not deserve such a valuable Heart as yours is.

Har. Well said, Sister !——A brave Girl, I gad.

Val. As for me, Sir, I esteem it my greatest Glory and Happiness, to have her from your Hands.

Free. Come, Brother, you must put it up: your own Proceedings are the Cause of all ; and the Misfortune of it is, that tho' you are known to be cheated, no body will pity you.

Ang. I can't tell whether this Stratagem was altogether so fair, or not, but I'm sure I should have done the same my self.

Hor. I think it a very exemplary Chastisement for his Moroseness and Jealousy ; and since his Temper expos'd him to the danger of being a Cuckold, he's very well off in being only so in the Bud

Sir Pos. [*Standing all this while in a posture of Surprise*] No, I cannot get rid of my Amazement. This infernal Trick quite confounds me. Oh, the Sorcerers ! I could not have thought it had been in her. That I, who am in Years, and know the World ; who like a wise Philosopher, have for half a Century been contemplating the Misfortunes of Husbands, in order to guard against 'em my self, should at last be made such an egregious Cully of, by a raw Girl, and a rattle-headed Fop. Oh, I burst ! I rave ! how I could buffet my self ;——I wish I had a Glass here, only to see how like an Owl and a Buzzard I must look, after gulling my self in such a lovely Manner.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha !

Sir Pos. After this, miserable is he that puts his Trust in Woman. The best of 'em are always fruitful in
Mischief

86 *The MAN of TASTE; Or,*

Mischief, and they were only made to plague the World.

[*Exit in a Rage.*]

Free. Ha, ha, ha, poor Man! This is a bitter Pill to him, but 'twill prove a very wholesome one——And now, Gentry you must favour me with your Company, the rest of the Night ; and to-morrow, if *Angelica* can bring her self to think of it, we'll make one Wedding Dinner serve us both.

Ang. Agreed.

(*Giving him her Hand.*)

Val. I am only sorry we shan't have an Opportunity at the same time of wishing *Harcourt* and *Horatio* Joy, as well as they us.

Har. Oh Sir, that you will have, and a very lucky one too.

Hor. Yes, for we are as happy in having got rid of our Mistresses, as you are in having got Possession of yours.

Free. Right——and now let us all take this along with us, as a very useful Maxim in the Business of Life,

If Children to their Duty we would gain,
Or make Wives wear with Joy the Marriage Chain ;
Their Conduct by their Love we still must steer,
All in their Hearts rebell who're rul'd by Fear.

F I N I S.

